

G.R.N.
PODCASTS
MUSINGS

2023

PART A

Greg R. Norton

SITTING DOWN, THIS WET, CHILLY
Sunday evening in the middle of December,
this year, there is much on my mind,
indeed, *and I am looking forward unto the*

rest tonight, and the week ahead. Having just finished writing my latest book project, the 2022 PART B, I had somewhat been looking forward to some time off from writing, but, here I go, again! We here have just finished and cleaned up supper, and I have gotten my nicotine, and retired, to my study corner. The past year has been eventful, and it was difficult, to say, 'Okay, I'm done with the Part B book.' *I managed to come up with a somewhat pretty flourish at the end, and called it off, but nothing doing... the thoughts in my head weren't having it.* I couldn't much imagine, giving up writing, now... especially not

now... the ability to be a lucid medium is
tic channel, was hard won. *Indeed, harder
than anything else I've ever done, other
than learning the piano.* That type of
journey, from the world of density, and
thoughtlessness, unto the actual modern
world, of the awakened spiritualist...

having taken that 'trial by fire,'... there are
just ideas, waiting to be written. From my

perspective here, the writers art, done
consciously, and with close adherence unto
the nuances of the encompassing spiritual
fabric, *is a fairly rare talent...* but there are

one or two others, here who also write
letters. This is about all the reinforcement

I myself need, as I've always been something of an exception... not the norm, by any means... *I tend to be solitary*... it's just good to know that someone, even if only one or two, knows what it means to 'externalize' thoughts, on lasting media, like a notebook page, or stationery. In a way, I feel that this present writing, is too early... I haven't processed the new latest book... and, I was going to get more rest, but, this writing is the way I cognize, and work thoughts out these days... down onto the page. I know, I'm somewhat eccentric, most unusual... but, when any change is happening, *any kind of changing times*

whatsoever, whether it be meet ero logical,
or political, what ever it is, I just want to
jot down some ideas... whatever appears to
come up... and see how they look on the
external media. The eye hand mind page
relationships tend to begin, or start up, *and*
slowly, but surely, I'll find myself working
out some ideas. Especially, there will be
this need to write things down, when my
mind, and its cognitive environs appear to
be turbulent... when I feel like a vessel,
tossed about on the sea... and the waves are
really coming over the sides of the boat...
and I'm just a bewildered sea fair er... *this*
is when I will reach for my notebook and

pen. You see, cinching down some ideas onto the page... this will usually bring a more calming, restful demeanor unto my eyes, and my mind will begin to settle down. Before much time has passed, I'll have the beginnings of a new article, or essay... *and my doubts, and gloom, will dissipate.* I'll eventually find my way to a comforting cup of coffee... sweeping mood improvements, then commence, and I'm much more in my element... and just moving down the written page, ideas coming more or less fluently, and with ease. I was thinking, this evening, about some of the 'mentalist spells,' I get into,

from day to day. *No matter how my mortal limitations appear to show through, the spirit guides in my life, will calm me down, and bring me through the turbulence, and back unto my writers craft.* So, if you're wondering, do I ever carry anger around, or take an attitude, with people, well, I'm a mortal. Spirit consciousness, therefore, can be a kind of a many fold pain in the rear, ... *as any human sociological pathos becomes greatly magnified, through this lens.* These negative, criticizing thoughts can be a trouble. But, especially, the reader should know, how habits, and addictions have to

be kept in check. I for one used to make myself so sick, *by repeatedly indulging in the finer things...* coffee, and tea, and anything else I could make usage of... doubling up on my dosages was par for the course. 'One glass full was good... two would be twice as good!' *Well, having said that, I have learned from these mistakes.* I stay in a wellness program, now, so these luxuries are more or less metered out. At any rate, you see, my home environment keeps me from these excesses. Well, at any rate, this is why, when someone says, 'Don't you want to get back to your independent living?' 'Don't you want more

freedoms?' I have to tell them, how I had two serious failures, at living on my own...

I'm quite afraid, that I wouldn't survive a third. So, for this reason, I stay where I've got help. *There's a fine line between 'just enough, and too much,' to quote the song...*

and I'll gladly stay where my life expectancy is greater, *even if this means giving up things of the world.* Most people

you meet daily, don't have the same hereditary issues, like alcoholism, or mental illness... most people know full well

what it requires to lead successful lives, independently, and they're experts in their chosen field, and can't much be shaken.

But, my alcoholic grand dad's ghost is too big of a genetic factor, *and I would always worry about repeating his patterns... rarely an hour goes by, that I don't think of having a drink.* So this is why I'm living this way. At any rate, you see, I don't think I'd last long, independently. Because of my past failures. Any way, I was just kind of recently realizing, how happiness is in the heart... not in anything any political figure does or doesn't say, in general... but in the heart, and mind. I've struggled some, through the past two years, with worrying about these outside factors, which I have no control over... *this is all lost time...*

folly; there's nothing I can do about that.

At any rate, getting along down this page, tonight, is partly a matter, of being sufficiently patient, and enduring the crud, until I do find the back stretch, down into restful sleep. I've often written about, the tedious, and arduous walking, across steep, rocky terrain, with bitter wind blowing, and the miserable cold rain forming drops on my nose, and chin, and dripping down my shirt collar, and down my back. *I would relate, how, this difficult, cruel walking couldn't have been any harder than was the Saviors', carrying the cross, so long ago.* And just imagine, how life

was for the Europeans, in the nineteen thirties... Hitler, with his sinister designs, just thought those people were a push over! Living became life or death, and happiness and contentment wasn't found at all outwardly... *in many countries, it was either 'in the heart,' or else it wasn't found at all!* I similarly feel as if we're 'coming through the brambles,' and we've stopped worrying about the evil men do. Happiness is in the heart. But it means being secure in your own self assurance, and being in your element, so to speak. And feelings are always variable, and in flux. And others won't always do what you want them to,

necessarily. *But, it is easy to take some things, like good writing, for granted...*

I know this, because I was outside of the grace of 'feeling good,' for so long... I had no writer's voice... no art to speak of at all;

I was just a drug abuser... an alcoholic.

But, some one believed in me, anyway, and

I made it through it... *honestly, if it hadn't*

been for the good faith, in me, of my

friends and family, I wouldn't have

survived my second serious self injury in

two thousand and three. Well, just some

thoughts. I love this writing craft...

meticulously reading and re reading, until

there's no more mistakes... I'll do my best

to keep it sensible, or not at all. Well, all
for now. I'll send this along your way now,
Greg.

~

When one wants to peer just beneath the
surfaces, of his or her resting
consciousness, he simply writes the first
few words that come to mind. Just starting
out with a few opening words, *or wide
brush strokes*, he or she can see, how there

is good writing potential, present nearby.

As I am currently in the process, of starting this new book of writings, it can be wise, to think in a very generalistic sense. How will the reader be led, in the first few pieces? Maybe by my acknowledging, the most current findings, from where he or she has left off, in the previous writings... *such as, in how 'happiness is in the heart.'* This simple saying, somewhat frees the reader's mind to just inhabit the space it is within, without outside directives, or embellishments. In other words, **'You're fine just as you are, and I've no wish to make or mold you into my expectations,**

**nor does one have to agree, or disagree,
with my precedents, or my beliefs.'** With

this accomplished, your reader, then
knows, that he's not being preached unto,
or indoctrinated, or pushed to be anyone
other than who he or she already is. **'Inner**

happiness is all that's important.' But
there will be certain definite ways to lessen
the amount of sway your daily migraines
have over yourself, and your life. If I had
to list a few, I might start with this one:

*'The train easily pushes the branches and
debris from off of the rails with its front
scoop.'* Here's another: *'Walk back, along
the path, from where you have come.'*

Another: *'The small dancer can easily shimmy her way through the thickett.'*

These are just the first three which come to mind, just now. One's subtle neural musculature, of his or her face, scalp, shoulders, neck, spine, back, lower torso, and hips, *can be motive forces, which, when pitted against most any migraine, can easily move it aside.* We as people are built up upon our skeletal muscular framework, which forms our physical core, so to speak, as predetermined by our genetics. So one can definitely use the subtle neurological muscular faculties, of the conscious heart and soul, from this core self, to

incrementally diminish, and neutralize most migraines. And here's something: *This inner type of yoga gets easier with practice.* Give it three years, and you'll feel much more confident in dealing with persistent migraines. Another way to see this effect, is like in how you might use a butterfly net, on a handle, to remove spider webs from the corners of rooms in your house. The spider webs are gossamer, *and so just touching and catching them in the net, easily removes them all.* You might find more cobwebs, but the net on the handle easily dispenses with them. All this, once you've figured out the way to

control your inner point of focus, or inner simulacra... this will be a kind of imaginary glove, or mitten, which can be moved around your inner psyche, as in the butterfly net example. At any rate, I have seen how, a younger person's vision might postulate, how, *'The monumental art from fifty and sixty years ago may have somewhat unintentionally created something of a void in its wake.'* The more mature mind, however, would definitely see, how, *'Firstly, the more things change, the more they stay the same.'* *'Every generation has had its minds, and writers and artists and musicians form the surface*

features, of this intelligence.' Yet, the youth which come into life on Earth in the mean while, might not glimpse much of those older peoples' dreams... they will be hungrily reading and learning, this is true, *but it might be younger writers, and musicians which hold their attention... the younger sub culture.* Every generation tends to become eclipsed, and circumscribed, by it's own youth. The first example, of the monumental art, having created a void, was itself, a younger vision, somewhat superimposed over the older thought of that time. So, the question is, 'Which, then, prevails, the younger vision,

or the older?' I think, the younger always tend to take it away, from the older, in due course. Meanwhile, the older will be gradually falling unto decay, and death, while the younger grow stronger. These examples, so as to illustrate the point, that *similar patterns repeat, in each successive generation.* This, I think tends to follow the structural attributes of our own solar system... *in particular, a central Sunn, common to each particular family tree... with planets, and moons, which carry it's memory, or image, onward, and in circular patterns, and which are nourished by it's warmth and light.* And all in the particular

neighborhood, or arm, of the spiral galaxy, to which we belong... the Milky Way. So, through these examples, of ways in which

to think, I would suggest that, '**No**

situation is immutable, or un

changeable... and, there are an infinite

array of paths, which may be taken from

any given point.' So, the less rigidity, and

inflexibility we adopt, in taking the tests, and challenges of young adulthood,

the better. Certain facts, should override

certain other facts, and there are other

facts, which should override these. *One of*

the most central facts, to keep, is 'All life is

sacred, and especially human life.' This

one informs all others. Even in times of war, even in such extreme circumstances, there are certain types of acts, and actions, which are prohibited, outlawed, and which can result in prosecution by the world courts. I say this, and, *'I am not making this up.'* At any rate, I wonder, 'Isn't the reluctance toward philosophical rigidity, always informed by ones core values?'

Yes, I think, this is true. This is the reason, for the thinking, 'No situation is immutable,' and 'There are an infinite array of paths to take from any one point.' So, these are principles of cognition, and philosophy, and the mind. But, 'Do they

translate unto other fields, like industry, or commerce, or education, or politics?' This is a good question. The college student, might be faced with an exam, and the knowledge that he hasn't prepared. He might insight fully realize that, he's wasting his money on that education.... and his life, and money, might be better spent living, and working a menial job... but keeping up a creative life in his spare time, so as to allow the infinite to operate. *So, see the need to retreat from rigidity, if, for instance, the elements aren't cooperating?* Call that one game off, or post pone it. But, get to your art table. Well, it's the

dusky time of day, and I rest, while letting my meal settle, and focus my mind into this word processor display. If I've stepped upon anyone's slippers, or upon anyone's carefully cultivated garden, in this first opening part, of this book, then I apologize... I'm like a bull some days, a ballerina some others. **The image of the Moon, at the start, really just implies the Mind of God, which I see as being between us and that.** *A troubled mind, full of momentum and forcefulness, might too quickly ignore this field, or ground... which really stands for one's good relationship with his or her own higher*

selves. With out the healthy communion,
ourselves with the world's beyond, we
continually become duped, by it's
inhabitants. (But, I'm not a licensed
councilor or therapist,) At any rate, these
have been a few thoughts, for the interested
reader, here tonight. I'll send this article
along your way now. All for now. Greg.

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***'Your old men will dream dreams. Your
young men will see visions.'***

- Joel 2:28

We, indeed, live in those anointed times,
such as the Bible writer spoke of.

Whatever made the young men see such
visions, presumably, came, or comes to
pass. *And from then on, spiritual
abundance, and the limitless well spring of
the living waters completely placates the*

need for any more drugs, or de leery ants.

This is the good message. If someone you know feels they need 'dope,' of any kind, to attain the full fledged spiritual oneness and grace, *remind them, that there's indeed a higher world, and put them on the 'inside track,' as soon as possible.* What some eventually give up, then, in that spiritual eyezd, esoteric life, *won't compare with the riches and contentment of the life in the light of the inner communion... the artistic impetus.* (But, I'm not a licensed councilor or therapist.)

You can see, from this, though, that I'm dedicated to my sobriety! And, some of us

don't use any stimulants, whatsoever... no caffeine or nicotine, at all. (I, on the other hand do, some.) It is true, when you are bothered by doubts around your own imperfections, *you should try expressing gratitude, to those people... gratitude for the myriad blessings of any ordinary day.*

Sometimes, I'll get started into writing, and have to rewrite all, or parts of it... This might make me feel miniscule or inept, in view of such imagistic energies... but there might be nothing but time on my hands, *and so I keep working, and gradually get it right.* I've certainly been tested before... so, *'Let me see what I can do with it.'* Well,

the main thing about what I do, is to keep myself aware, of what is within my mind and spirit... At some times I'm just reveling in the joy of getting new ideas down onto the page... I tell myself, that the blurriness at the beginning, is worth the rich heights of expression... The vistas... which come later. So, for this reason, I get along down the page. My music collection has partly been accumulated through my love, of human imperfection... *I guess this is part of what I look for, and call spiritual.* But other pursuits do have strict tolerances... And there may be zero margin of error. (As in interplanetary travel.) At any rate.

It's a chilly, cloudy mid December morning... a temperature of forty five degrees makes sitting outside not a very ideal way to pass the time, but, later when the sunn comes out, there will be plenty time for enjoyable sunn bathing. I sit here, upon this bed, and inputting this text into this phone software, now. I've lived here at this home for almost seven years... this is good for me, I usually don't stay anywhere for more than five years. But, despite the losses of both our home Mother, and Dad, and somewhat making the transition to their Daughter's administrative ownership, and management of the home, *I've had*

such good successes artistically... and have found my piano style to be worth the effort, for the most part, so that I still feel like I'm respected and shown consideration, for my rent money... and I feel like, despite my solitary ways, I'm part of the home family. This I greatly appreciate. At any rate, aside from the economic hardship in our land, the times aren't bad for ourselves, and we would wish that everyone be as blessed as we are. In the decade of my twenties, I fairly lived my every dream... The perfect bachelor life... with the right inn ebri ants, every wish, was destined to come true!

Yet, despite this kind of false, sensory,

materialistic heaven, of my lost decade, on the surface, this realm of excess, I lived with great spiritual pain... I only had to take some handful of stimulant pills, or alcoholic brew, and, I got in return an tolerable consciousness state. Then the brew would wear off, and I'd be in severe sigh kick pain. *Back to paying dues.* This was the chemical life... just toxic. *But these factors worked their way, and everything I had then had to pass away, and I spent the rest of my life in group home living.* But within the knowledge that I had lived the life those alcoholic genetics, those misfit ancestors, had wanted... and

had found out for myself, what is at the end of the cycles of addiction... there is finally, hope. *At any rate, for those who think, about such things, as 'making it through,' the potential hazards of young adulthood, such things as the 'night of the soul,' and of how someone of a certain age, might encounter such... I send along my best wishes, and a heaping helping of my best ideas.* Some youth might have, for instance, hereditary factors, like mental illness, or alcoholism... or even if he or she doesn't... such things as for instance, having to learn one's way around 'modern music subculture,' or any 'community

subculture' can seem like an 'impossible journey,' from the parent's standpoint... you see, having been through this, myself, I've a unique perspective. But alcohol was my drug. *Today, I generally try to keep a word processor nearby, and think about writing thoughts out, at any time, of day or night.*

What I learned from my jazz studies, my inner journey, was the lore of the hidden realm, and, eventually, of how, people need people. All I know to do, is to tell all that I

know, and through this self searching, describe this realm, as I see it, now. *At any rate, this sounds true enough.* Educational professionals will instinctively know where

my work should be, and this is fine. Well, this new writing is coming along, well enough... I'm looking forward to finding somewhat what it's inner nature appears to be, and, how it works with the others, in general. *This has always been the basic idea... just to find the spirit, or essence of a time, and have something to show for the time.* But, right now, it appears that this present time is somewhat making me crazier than I've been in a while. I'll be glad when it is behind me. *Well, I'll send this along your way now.* All for now. Greg

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Finding one's balance, in this world, for myself, *amounts to a kind of necessity of life... something with a high priority.* You will remember the examples, of the bellows... one's inner balance hinges somewhat upon this kind of working... a closing, and an opening, and a closing... with this accomplished, one's sore inner mood, and attitude is completely remedied. The amazing thing, is how, *this is all there is to it!* No further practice, or questing, or searching is required... *you have*

completely passed the test. So the next time someone puts you upon the tread mill, so to speak, you'll have this good practice.

And, you'll remember this particular writing, and you'll find peace, and happiness. I sure am glad that this writing is at last trying to come through, for me, tonight... *this is the peace I've been waiting for!* Man, every once in a while, I'll make another discovery, and my wheels turn around... As much as I might try, I'll always be spooked, as I see someone who reminds me of myself... whether it's this, about me, or that, *whatever I like in someone, it just usually mystifies me.* Sometimes, there is

just a great, flowing dress of feathers,
signifying such royalty, and standing... that

I am nearly blinded. And, it's this, that I
am most sure of... no matter how my faith
in myself might erode, or appear to show
stress, *she'll have the agility, and strength,
and grace to easily match it.* Well, as far
as I can see, finding this, like I have, this
evening, is the high point of this week, for
myself... I've been dancing around, and
around all week, before finally coming to
rest, on such a flower... that's a long
winding way to say, this week sure paid
off. And, there might be a wide, wide
ocean between, and no wings to cross

over... this may be true too, *but when we can agree upon our individual selves, as units of jazz, we're not far apart at all.* Oh well, a soliloquy, for your example. How else is one to show emotions? But, I'm holding inward, as well... *how will this one small thing get home?* On the other hand, a smart device, like this one I'm inputting into, is quite complex, indeed. But, it works every time. The doubts seem to hover around my own difficulties... how I nearly died in two thousand and three... just from being over worked, and not having well developed understanding. This 'U' word was so important... there were just

so many things, I had to find, (and fix,) to have a fully 'expanded' vocabulary, and wisdom. The wisdom of the wolf pack couldn't come close to the Godly wisdom, I just don't think. *(Until I was placed in the midst of other Godly people, for Godly purposes... none other.)* At any rate, these have been some thoughts. It's nice to be faithful, when we know what our wants are, and aren't. This is the gift of a wise woman, for instance. Thank God for that.

I have wondered just how I am to call myself, whether a craftsman, or a builder, or a trubadore, or maybe a grower. I have looked somewhat extensively into all these

avocations. Just last week, I saw how an artists' community is like a farm collective... the grower, carefully tilling the soil, sowing, fertilizing, and watering, or... as the alchemist creating a closed system, wherein nature improves upon nature, unto the point of fine spun gold... or as in a craftsman, who might really embody the spirit of Santa Claus... A gradual working on a building... *a builder, or a carpenter, is another definite way to see the artist.* And, how could you list trades, without including trubadores, in general. These are so alike, in how they work in the environmental matrix, producing sound and

light, which travels on the air, and is received by the five senses, in real time, or as in recorded media. *These are the original 'secret society,' if you ask me.*

Well, I may have always known the inner world, of the 'wolf pack.' A non judgmental place, where I could make whatever changes to my consciousness I thought necessary... outside, and below, the society of the righteous. *People take drugs, because they are in pain... this will always be true.* Many of us feel we have to open our doors of perception, but, that happens already, when we are allowed into the inner conversation. So, may the heavens smile

upon me, and lift me to paradise? This will
be all one will be wishing for... and your
signs will be so sure... a devout fervency, a
willingness to get every nuance of ones
presentation to a perfected state, *the only
thing missing, might be, just more and
more of your generous, good smile!* Well, I
hope you have found these words to be of
some usefulness, today. I'll wrap this
article up, and place with the others. All
for now, Greg

~

When one wishes to get some 'jazz thought' onto his or her recording media... he just sits at his notebook, with ball point pen. One might not have many ideas coming to the fore, at the start, *but just through incrementally progressing, in this fashion, he or she will, directly see progress.* **'If one has everything he desires, then that would preclude him from ever really wanting anything. If one never wanted anything, that would preclude him from ever really getting anything.'** -*Anon.*

From my perspective, here, I can see,

easily enough, that my desires are almost all for those things which I can make with my own mind and hands. *It's the heights of creativity found within philosophy, this written word, and a few other talents which I most anticipate, looking into this Christmas and New Year.* What do you do when you have everything you could ever want, in the good talent it takes to make it yourself? This is a good question.

Counting my blessings, tonight, I can easily see, how my latest two audio books, the twenty twenty two, parts A and B, *pretty much encapsulate all of my fantasies, and imaginings, around this time*

period... I certainly put my best thinking into them. I'm doing the work I always dreamed I could do... and it's every thing I could have imagined. So, to my listener, a heart felt thank you... without you, I would have no reason to write, or create in the first place. It's the good listener, or reader experience, which is at the center of any of my creative exertion. At any rate, I sit here, upon this bed, with my word processor keyboard in my lap, and somewhat sound the depths, and scan the heights, to see if there are any die aff renous strands of inspiration lingering nearby. I'm grateful that I have this roof

over my head, and warm climate control.

I'm grateful for so many things, in my ordinary life... *for the marvelous way I can wake up on time, each morning, and not oversleep.* I'm grateful for our home's *full pantry, and refrigerator, of good, healthful foods, and the willingness of at least two good cooks, who prepare each meal.* I'm grateful, also, for my *study corner....* for the careful attentiveness unto my hobbies, and interests, in building my personal space... *for my book shelves, which my father built a few years ago.* As I'm thinking, this way, I'm taking the rudeness, and the harshness, and the roughness, of

this otherwise good morning, and sending it back where it came from. *If there's not some love in our hearts, this year, then why are we doing Christmas, in the first place?*

That's a good question to ask. Make sure we're guided by that criteria, in participating with our families' festivities this year. Having family around me, and family to go unto, for Christmas, makes all the difference, *between safe, in the harbor, and lost at sea.* Eating our meals around a central light source is probably about all the reinforcement I'll ever need! Well, at any rate, these are some thoughts. I'm grateful, too, for this sunny weather, this

morning. At thirty one degrees, now, this winter is making itself felt. I've got two loads of clothes hung out on the line, already. They'll probably be dry by some time this afternoon. Well, I'm thinking about the 'unspoken vernacular,' the inner language of the heart, *and of how using this common language, of taking note, of things we might otherwise not notice*, we can find many ideas in writing, all of them just about our ordinary day to day lives, *and of what speaking of them makes us think of*. For instance, I don't always notice, but there's a work in just sitting up, and inputting text, like I'm doing now. My

back hurts, and my seat is starting to get sweaty, and itchy, from the exertion of doing this. This is a highly focused activity, and several factors have to be amenable for it to come together effectively. I've got to be reasonably contented, and resolved, to get work done... this might mean, *getting the temperature in the room right, and my wants.. my cravings and desires, should be quiet.* There must not be electromagnetic interference, or my wireless keyboard won't work right with my phone. And, having a peaceful, quiet environment, this morning, is proving to be much preferable, to the usual rhythms, and

presence, of my room mate, and his radio. Sometimes I have solitude, sometimes my friend shares this space with me. *At any rate, I'm getting writing done... and it seems to be the right writing, not just random words.* As the clock turns around unto ten oh clock in this morning, I'll begin to think about going and getting in line for a snack, and some tea. *So, this is Christmas,* and it's brought some joy into our lives, already. The special difference between this seasonal time of year and any other, is found, mainly in the festive moods and feelings, when we hear chorale type music... just now, a contemporary European

chorale composer... someone you might
would know... *is gracing my morning with
these special 'tiny lights,' and a warm
glow, from within a holiday spirit.* There's
nothing quite like the Holidays, a time
when we observe the Savior's birth, and the
special renewal of each New Year. This
writing is coming along well, but it's hard
work... it requires focus, patience, and
effort... *And I happen to have some of all
three.* Well, just some thoughts. *We've
got all of the conveniences of twenty first
century living... so, why can't we just love
one another for who we are, and not just
who we think we ought to be?* Sometimes I

think, *'We'll never be happy with ourselves, now. We've lost way to many to senseless violence, this year. So, we might as well not even try to love one another, this Christmas.'* *As survivors, of the national screen play, why can't we just love one another?* And not place crazy expectations upon one another, of the people we think we ought to be, or should be. *Maybe we're missing too many important parts... too many missing from our ranks.* These are the best ideas I can come up with. At any rate, there may be some which we're missing, *but we've got ourselves... we've got our Hope. There wouldn't be a star on*

*that tree, if it wasn't so... or the twinkling
lights among it's branches... this is
ourselves.* Well, all for now. I'll send this
writing along your way now. Greg.

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I wanted to write a few words, while we're
in the midst of this cold arctic freeze... high
winds, and single digit temperatures make
this day dangerous for anyone trying to get
around outside... it's seven degrees, now,

and gusty strong winds, at eight aay emm...
you want to stay in, if possible... there are
just too many ways to get stranded out
there, and get frostbite. We know, pretty
much for sure, that if you don't bring your
domesticated animals inn, from this cold,
they will probably die, from exposure. The
weather man is saying, how this is the
coldest it's been since the nine teen
eighties... and not much relief, is expected
for tomorrow... as super cold temperatures
are forecast to continue through Saturday
into Sunday. But, with the sunn, we should
be back in moderate ranges by the middle
of next week... Wednesday, is expected to

be warmer, more like, in the fifties for the high. But, as the sun is setting, tonight, Friday, this start of the last week in December, our temperatures outside are around eight degrees, and expected to be around zero tonight, as we are at an elevation of one thousand and one hundred feet, it should be several degrees colder here, than in the valley. *At any rate, it's warm inside, though.* We have just cleaned up our dinner, and I have gotten back to my room. I am sitting upon my bed inputting these words into my keyboard, and onto my device's word processor... I have a few ideas, but it sometimes takes some jazzy

thinking, in order to get them down onto my media. This is like starting a flowing, and somewhat enchanted ly watching the way it goes... *usually like a stream bounding down a valley, sure of itself, and destined to reach the pond.* There are many many ways, to start thinking onto the page... using a kind of broad brush stroke, can easily get some momentum going... and this can lead to other ideas, as the mind leap frogs, and sparks off new ideas, along the way, right down the page. I have waited for a chance to get some ideas onto the page, during this cold snap, and now seems like a good time. There's something

to keep in mind, with climate extremes,
such as this one... such a hard freeze
doesn't in any way mean that the climate is
broken, or malfunctioning, as many of us
can remember back to previous cold
snaps... most winters' have at least one
single digit cold spell... *rarely is there a
winter without one.* So, don't panic, or tell
yourself that 'the world is coming to an
end,' or anything like that... as this is
normal. If you ask me, this kind of time,
just before Christmas and New Years, *is
such a sweetness as to allow us to forget
the years' pain...* and it's easily apparent to
me, that sheltering, indoors, staying warm,

and finding this written word, to be a mellow toast to the season... I would definitely say, that I've felt the Christmas spirit this year, and the time has had a subdued joy... those which grasp the immensity, of our digital devices and appliances... *finding meaning, positive growth, and change, is a sort of treasure trove awaiting, within each successive moment... unfolding each one, carefully, and experiencing them all, onto the page, is such an art.* But, the grown up perspective is, of course, somewhat more burdened than the child's view... as we see so much more, than children... *hence the*

need for channeling our thoughts into intelligent writing, and trying to make sense of the time. I might not solve the ultimate mysteries of the moment... but, with patience, I can come close. Well, it's

Christmas Eve morning, and I'm completely enjoying the light flowing of instrumental music, from my phone's jukebox. If I had forgotten what this time means, how truly central this season is unto our more spiritual artists and writers, then now I remember. Your mind can take anything for granted... even the most angelic communion... if this is the task at hand... then so be it. Well, as time gets

along, I eventually can kind of grasp the spirit of my music collection... hearing my own pieces in among the others is most illuminating. *Well, at five thirty this morning, our temperatures are around two degrees Fahrenheit... pretty cold, to be sure.* If you were stuck outside in this, you'd get frostbite and hypothermia... it's so very cold. But the temperature is expected to reach the middle twenties today... The sunn will warm it up. Writing of this time will help me to remember it, *so that it will be more than just a gray wash of memories.* And, I'm always grateful to get good writing done. 'Something's better

than nothing.' 'Better to be, onto the page,
than to have nothing whatsoever to show,
for the time passed.' At any rate. *'I long
for the presence of mind which would allow
me to perceive the emerging moment with
more lucidity.'* *'Often, I'm so deeply
immersed in the flow of space and time,
that I somewhat become a spectator onto
my own life... being only vaguely aware, of
that which others around me may be
talking about.'* (A noisy engine, in other
words,) These words echo some
observations, from more than twenty years
back... *I wonder, if I could aperceive the
greater flowing with this kind of*

detachment, and clarity, would I like what I see? Or would I wish to be more and more invisible... to subtract myself more? I know, my mind has always to contend with a strata of paranoid delusional noises... like a corrupt hard drive, which knows what it knows, but still has to contend with bad sectors. This is the best way I know to see it. *At any rate, you can see what it's like living with a mental illness.* Well, I will indeed labor over a paragraph, or an essay, to get it to read better... this will be my best results. I hope my reader finds plenty of blessings and reasons to celebrate this year... As for this article, I'll finish it up,

and add it in with the others. All for now,
Greg.

~

As one sits in front of his notebook with pen, or at his word processor keyboard, he scans back across his or her recent memory, to see if there is anything which merits mentioning anywhere close to the surface of consciousness, in the now, or not. As one finds ideas to be surfacing with ease, and going onto the page quite readily, there

is a ripple down effect... but the writer
(*seeing ghosts,*) finds resistance, as if those
about were bothered, at this willingness...

(*but it's only in his head,*) and, then
continuing with an attitude of 'non doing,'
somewhat insistently, (*ghosting,*) and,
maybe appearing to say, ' I am in a time of
non doing, then maybe you should be too.'

'Everyone should be up to nothing.' The
writer will be talking to himself, *wrestling*
with ghosts, like this... working out his
relationship. A writer spends ordinary
mornings sitting at his workstation, and
merely awaiting the slightest zephyr, or
movement of thought... *trying to elucidate*

ever more subtler nuances, and expansively trying to illumine any nook or cranny of thought which might arise. This is one of his or her 'basic modus operandi.' So, jotting down any thought which arises, will be par for the course, for himself. *So the inner writer will eventually win the argument...* then, he's got the back stretch, and he's on his way. There are different qualities of many ordinary pursuits... one will want to learn of these subtle distinctions, and locate his preferences. As I sit slowly inputting these thoughts, I am kind of weighing some of these qualities, for instance, *'Follow this path, or get off*

onto another one.' A big part of this writing craft is in how we hold possible future ways on stand by, *while we look towards making the most of the current one.* I don't know what is better for myself, busying my mind and hands, in this kind of logging, and journal ing, or *sleeping.* With the weather bad, as it is, in places, I'm kind of subconsciously trying to avoid getting myself into a compromise... *headaches seem to come right along with storms, and weather events, and, I'm shy of bad migraines.* But, I, myself have always been an incurable hobbyist... so computers and smart devices have been a big part of

my life for a long time. Just reading the national news, in my land, though, I'm impressed with how since Christmas Eve, millions of people in the Eastern half of the nation have had to deal with '*never before seen*,' blizzard conditions... as more than a meter of snow has fallen throughout the Atlantic seaboard. Life is not hard, where I am, though, and, even at our elevation, we haven't gotten any snow, yet, but this could change... throughout this afternoon and tonight, there is some chance of precipitation, in the form of snow; following this time, we're expecting good sunshine and warmer temperatures, with

rain possibilities increasing into the next weekend, unto New Years day. *So, what's with this 'never before seen,' blizzard?* I

think, this is a kind of myopic way of saying, 'Another generation is coming of age,' *and finding out how the weather doesn't always cooperate... and just, how,*

when this happens, the rule books get rewritten. I've been through this, in the

horrible tornado outbreak of April of twenty eleven... there was no one, really

that could see past an event like this... *everyone will agree, 'This was a once in a century event!'* It was as if, right when

people were at their most needy, *was when*

*mother nature appeared to be a Joker... this happens, somewhat decade ally, this introduction, of successive generations unto bad fate... **those who have been through it, of course, will be in the know, but most of these remain in silent mode.** I know, I'll be relieved when spring time begins to show... buds on the branches will bring such a rainbow of relief. At any rate. These have been a few thoughts, I'll send this along your way now. Greg.*

~

AS I SIT HERE, THIS RAINY Wednesday morning in early January, my mind knows to get a few ideas down, and with this word processor keyboard, somehow attune myself unto the encompassing subtle mind, and spirit consciousness, present nearby. I was shown this way, a while ago... this way of approaching the task, of writing, *as being like entering into understanding of what the human heart, and soul, and spirit is really dealing with, on this or any morning.* This way always involves remembering, how, *'All good things flow, from Heaven, and for the benefit of those*

who in consciousness and knowledge ,
walk in step with Heaven.' Another way of
saying this, is, *'If it is good... if it does*
well, and good, then this is mainly
because Spirit is involved in it.' Once one
understands this simple truism, how,
basically, *'If God is in it, it won't fail,'*
then you'll be able to approach anything
good, in life, and be reasonably assured,
that you, or your contribution won't be
neglected, or excluded. See, and this
greatly simplifies any new beginning, as,
mortals which we are, we know, we always
deal with resistance, in beginning any new
endeavor. When there is a resistance, in

any new becoming, then that is probably because such new beginning is real, and is therefore seen as being a matter of some importance... *anything significant, like musical talent, I have found, brings out both the best, and the worst of some people.* Such consideration, also will be at least partly comprised of shades of gray. For an example, I would suggest our daily diets of food consumption. We, as humans, are carnivores. This is how God made us... *not only do we have powers such as hunting, and foraging, for foods of all kinds, using tools, and weapons, we also have sharp incisor teeth, which are*

apparently best at tearing meat. This is important to remember. It's just that, the beef, pork, and chicken industries, in our land, are always susceptible to criticism from those folks who have adopted vegetarian views, or who have taken an interest, in being a voice of conscience, in our modern world. But, here where we are, ranching lands are pretty much a fixed quanta, of lands... aside from the occasional rotating of uses of their own land, people have owned their land for a long time, and the animals which graze, especially the bovine, and the pigs, can be raised healthily, and taken to market, and

bartered or traded with... these animals bring good prices, *especially when they are healthy, free range animals, which aren't kept in a stall, all of the time.* Oh well, whether I like it or not, this is just me, collecting my thoughts this morning, and trying to read my own inner heart, soul, and mind. You see, how I myself would easily dispense with these types of disagreements... the problem only comes, as big, important issues, around our human consumption, in general... and especially it's side effects... are in the news, and therefore are consuming more of our consciousnesses, from week to week. *(Like*

oil, or chemical spills, or radiation into the environment,) This will usually, but not always, be experienced, as mental, or cognitive disturbances, and disruptions, and dissonances, of all kinds...

consonance, on the other hand, is thought to mean, general agreement, and harmony among a group's members. This is definitely the preferable quality, as dissonance, of course suggests at differences, in the home, or the work place, or encompassing culture. There's an bad way, of how '*compromises,*' in living and working in our life's path, *and constantly having to 'compromise,' can not only lead*

to frustration, but dissonance, and difficulty. I read yesterday, how, among those people who work from out of, or at their home, two similarly employed persons, might have vastly different experience, and views, around the 'existential ground,' or around the matter of, 'Being an American,' or even 'Being a grown up.' For instance, when, as in a married couple, one works for one company, and the other works for another... or works for different bosses... the daily life experience, might be so vastly different... that relationship issues like miss communication, or miss understanding can

begin to have a lot of sway. At any rate, our group often finds this, and there might not be sufficient good understanding... one who writes, or uses his imagination, might feel conflicted... after all, our human consciousnesses are, partly based in imagination... *as we are always in need of clever, or ingenious solutions.* I'll give some examples. The one who makes wood sculptures, or carvings, in wood... the whittler, might feel somewhat left out.

(Even though the same kinds of imagination is used in both trades,) The one who works in modeling clay, the potter, will always feel excluded, from the literary

discussion, as the writer, who works in the written word, will be more liked here. But, in truth, both trades, or hobbies involve one basic component... '*Gumption*,' having plenty of this, one might have difficulties in getting on the same page, with those who are, for instance, civil servants... especially, if the persons' gumption, is thought of as being at least partly comprised of 'shades of gray,' or ambiguities... if such is a mixed bag, or if there isn't complete agreement, here. The police man, or fireman, might look at the writer, or the painter, and find agreement. *But he might also say, 'Well, he comes from*

a good family, but his experimental drug usage, in trying to 'find himself,' coming out of his adolescence, and especially, in the psychiatric or social problems which this addiction prone personality type may have produced, and adopted, for at least part of his life, presents issues. (Such will always present issues. There will always be

diss agreement.) A check erd past will bring out both the best, and the worst in others. Especially if he deals with the

paranoia, or guilt, which comes sometimes in these types of life mistakes... usage of crutches, those habit forming substances, are what I mean here. So, you can see,

there are a lot of good, sound ideas,
running around up in my head, this
morning... it's just having the insight, to
write some of them down, is important...
just getting ideas on a page, will always be
your best bet... *as these crude beginnings,*
can always be returned unto later, and
brought to perfection, in the future. One of
the remarkable things about computers, is
how they allow you to cut, paste, copy...
essentially splicing and inter joining ideas
from earlier periods, in your life, with the
later... this can almost always produce at
least some good results, onto the page. If
you think about it, this archiving of your

own work, your best choices, is like
conservation of your own life's work, in the
same way a collection is conserved, in a
museum... *or, managing a wildlife
sanctuary is 'nature conservation,' or
trying to keep it safe and protected, like in
being a 'good steward.'* And we want to be
stewards of our growers, builders,
producers, just the same as our skilled
workers... our craftsmen, producers,
musicians, performers, video workers, and
radio and television professionals. At any
rate, computers factor prominently in
modern society... *here on 'this side of the
mountain,' really... having come through*

*the 'Turning of the Ages,' and being past
the Millennial struggles, and negative
events... being past, also, the Mayan back
tune beginning again, around twenty
twelve... Isn't this a little like Heaven...*

and being safe, in the arms of Love, is the
main idea... as it were, *being done with
groping and striving, is the primary
directive... so we, maybe, can't complain.*

Well, all for now. I'll add this with the new
book, and send it along your way now.

Greg.

When one wishes to look beneath the surfaces of his or her present moment, to glean insight into the encompassing flowing, *then he can get to his or her word processor keyboard, or use a notebook and pen, to peer inward.* I'm sitting down, now, to this work, partly to calm the screeching, clattering voice in the center of my head...

If you're having trouble with this kind of *'precocious delerium,'* then the notebook page, or the word processor might be a friend to you. You see, when the crashing, tossing, foaming waves appear to have a

grip on your inner voice, and you can't get still... *then, aren't you just trying to write, in your head?* At any rate, a simple beginning, such as this one, can be so exceedingly useful, that you'll sigh, with relief. Why is the distortion phenomenon affecting me? Is there anything I can do to make it quit? It is so painful to have this inner pushing happening at my language center... *and be trying to 'stop it' everywhere else.* At any rate, such is life. 'One foot on the brake, and the other on the gas.' Say lah vee. *But, this is when writing can bring a more peaceful time, and demeanor.* One always has to be

prudent, so as not to create unnecessary entanglement... when we can write, from a neutral perspective, and altogether avoid troubles with biases, then this is a blessing. At any rate, I can see how, my mind used a sort of cognitive dissonance, to somewhat de-bunk, to myself, the utopian picture which was painted, at the end of the previous part one... as the present time, while in some ways being a 'bit like Heaven,' is a long way from being perfect. *Just look at the daily news... only, it's not for the faint of heart.* We tell ourselves how grateful we are to live in such a safe neighborhood... but, when we read a bad

story from a few states to the west, we definitely tend to count our blessings.

Well, it's a brisk, sunny, thirty nine degree morning, here... fairly typical for early January... our temperatures should reach sixty, by this afternoon, then somewhat colder into the weekend. I've found, how rest is coming easier for me, these days.

That is not to say that there aren't any more puzzles to solve, as most mornings require a diagnosis, from my intuitive, and rational mind... only when these two solve in conjunction can I get a fix on the issue. At

any rate, this morning's writing isn't coming easily... but just staying in touch

with my center of unspoken sentiment...

and, through voicing this unspoken sentiment, onto the page, (therapeutically,)

I can move along down the page. This might be a creative way of changing up of the colors of yarn, in the fabric one is weaving... at the very least, a tossing of the deck of cards into the air, and letting them fall as they will. You'll see this gets you a good bit further, than remaining cloistered

within stasis. Giving your reader alternatives unto the given thing can also

be done by opening a thesarus, or encyclopedia to a random idea, *in effect*

'cracking a book,' to mine divergent

worlds of intellect. This is such a good way of saying this... one was wondering why one does writing, or music, or art in the first place? This will be a unique set of capabilities and gifts... *not merely just having the gumption.* But, I think that most anyone can acquire a skill like writing, or journaling... *with sufficient tries and attempts at the goal, you'll in time coax thought forth.* This notion of, how, to learn this, one must 'make many attempts,' at the goal of successful writing, is important to see... as a person might think that creative paths are just fabricated, cookie cutter style, without realizing how, toil and

hardship might be part of any greatness.
But, don't blame me... *I myself struggled in
vain, for nearly a decade, taking many
dead end alley ways, before finding success
which I could be proud of.* Youthful
creations may lack a unifying vision, which
the thirty year old will have acquired... you
see, time and experience will do this work.
I have heard it said, how, in trying to make
sense of the confusing appearances at the
surface level... at the surface of the rock
pool... *the presence of spiritual
consciousness, and insight in a life, can be
seen through both spiritual gifts, and in the
bearing of good fruit.* Do you think that a

person can be gifted, and not bear good fruit? To me, this isn't the right way... but, in truth, the person might be lacking in tools, encouragement, or the will to do for himself. *Even the lack of bliss, or feeling good can hold you back.* I myself wanted to have a creative life for nearly a decade, but my lack of inner peace excluded me.

So, now later, I can't think of my inner journey, through the lands of confusion, and darkness, without considering the self determinism, and inner will it required, for myself to safely traverse these lands. I'm definitely amazed, at how I survived this time of excess, and wandering... *my self*

determinism, and inner will is a gift of the heavenly angels... no other explanation will work. It's all a gift, proffered down from Heaven... even down to the breath in my lungs... my abundance, and gift of these thoughts, even right now, are blessings, afforded mainly by my being in good standing, in my family. I think also, that, any troubles I experienced in coming through my years of darkness, were determined before my birth, due to hereditary factors. This family background governs, I think, the way that everything good happens, as well as bad. At any rate... you can easily see, how

a 'long journey,' like I experienced in the decade of my twenties, was somewhat determined before I was born, due to hereditary issues. So, someone born free of hereditary mental illness, or substance abuse wouldn't get that result... his dues, he's asked to pay, might be much less... *so, you just have to see the hereditary factors, in this mortal plaine, in consciousness of Angels, and devils, to understand the world's foremost causes, and reasons for being.* I think, that says it best. Well, I'll wrap this writing up, and send it along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

Well, in sitting down, this first Friday in January, I'm thinking of this recent writing, and the good sense that's in it. There are two ways of looking at anything, I know, but with this, I'm just amazed at how good the thinking here is. *So, I'm not going to waste time worrying about 'To be or not to be,' that's for sure.* But there's another Shakespeare line, which goes something like, 'Were it better to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,' or some

other avocation... Well, from my perspective, the 'slings and arrows,' will mostly be sustained, and suffered... but this past year, I've come to new understanding, of how, I always tend to worry too much about things people say. If, you're an internet media developer, well, you work in digital media, *you're going to feel any verbal criticism, like red hot firebrands, into your skin... there's no way around it.*

But, those, for the most part, will be transient maladies... all transient... spoken words, seem to hurt, no matter how you look at it. But, if your inner guides have got you 'on the right track,' at all, each new

sunn rise brings such a bright new beginning, that you'll see, eventually, how, no matter how someone's words may have hurt you, each day is just as new, as the 'first morning,' and these 'wounds,' the slings and arrows, will be entirely in the past. *'Today is a new day. Today is a wonderful day.'* You've heard it said, how 'Sticks and stones would break my bones, but words will never hurt me.' Really seeing this, recently, how even the worst spoken criticism, is just sound waves... it can't really hurt you much... having taken and felt some, recently, I'm none the worse, for it... in fact it's good to have it behind

me. *Just some thoughts.* I'm thinking about my piano playing... It brings me such enjoyment... *even when I know it's not very good...* it's still the thing I'm most pleased with... *how can this be?* I think that the reason for this is that I've got my own style... and when my emotions are at such pressure... frustration, and resentment, any negative emotion... *the piano still allows me broad expressive freedom... just play to your hearts contentment.* It's my own language... a vocabulary of licks and styles, hooks and melodic attributes, and styles of phrasing... *that's what I'm talking about...* *an outlet for my emotions.* I just have to

tolerate and overlook the bad sigh kick
noises around my ears, temples, and
forehead... *those are stereotypes, and they
point unto past present future seismic
anomalies, or worries around them, of all
sorts...* and I've had to live with them for a
long time. *The things we fear are far
worse than what we actually face, in
reality.* Just some thoughts. Well, this
third article in this twenty twenty three,
part two is coming along well enough; any
time I get tired of stasis, and complacency,
it's not hard to open this writing
software... it's my favorite smart device
application, and it saves any additions, or

subtractions, without the user having to do anything. *It sure beats the old fashioned way.* Other applications I use, include video and audio jukeboxes, and photo management software. The Nature Environs videos, on my tablet are just revolutionary in terms of being all free, and for the most part being of outstanding quality... they sure do beat what was available previously... *cartoons and films that you can't really own.* There aren't many independent, and not for profit producers out there... the quality isn't there. In case you were wondering, my Dad was a senior art director at a major advertising

agency for all of the years I was in my
parents house... *so I was shown a lot of
good artistic role modeling, and was
encouraged to sketch and write.* When my
Great grandparents passed away in the late
nineteen seventies, their old piano came to
me, *and I was soon started in lessons.* At
any rate, this should show you my origins,
and influences as well. The sunn is slowly
setting this chilly afternoon in January. I
sit inside upon this bed, and write into this
word processor keyboard, on my lap. I've
fairly put things right, this day, so to speak.
Connecting with my family is sufficient...
another week almost over. Plus, I've

repaired two pairs of headphones, so that they work like new... this is a fairly big accomplishment, and suffices to get myself back 'into the black,' so to speak. My moods have been remedied, and this is partly why other's words seem to just roll off. Having this writing coming along easily finishes itself, *a journalistic free energy exercise*. You may wonder, I know I do, but I think we should feel fairly secure in how, those who have gone before, and passed away, they haven't gone anywhere... *and I've found, are just as present as they ever were, only it's in dreams, that's where their land is found*. Oh I hope that their

lifespan dream has rejoined them to life in
their home port, so to speak... *but our
dreams of the departed suffice, and I feel
they're as real as our belief in them will
allow.* So, we've really got at least two
views, both, either of which seem entirely
sufficient for happiness... *and friendship
and love just 'blooms and grows,' in either
case... as in the New Year's song, as long
as there are voices to sing it.* Well, all for
now. I'll send this along your way, now.

Greg.

~

Here's an idea. In telepathic life, there will be low functioning ideas, and those thoughts which were not worth thinking. These will be effects, in other words, spin offs, of karmic imbalance, and various kinds of spiritual dross... like stress, and, for some, the consequences of shameful habits and excess. In a perfect world, these will be used as only places to begin, and will be given and shown the right antidote... which will be the much more high functioning ideas... which are seen to be more airworthy, *and which do not cause*

harm. There will usually be a parallax of difference between that which we're given, *and that which spiritual grace, and spiritual abundance allows through our lives, miraculously.* I feel, that we need to keep the concept of the miraculous close in our lives... as, some of us will have found out just how weak, and self failing a person, all by himself, can be... 'you can't do it alone,' and some of us will have had to find out the hard way. It's one thing to feel weak and inept, at meeting challenges which life brings... it's another altogether to enterprise... *to take that rude metal, and transmute it into something useful...* only,

we need to remember, how just 'what we're given,' might not be sufficient... *and it becomes important to improve upon it!*

Some thoughts are as poor as death himself, and so we're asked to see the positive view... *the up side*. Just tell yourself, *'I'm not going to communicate darkness, but only light, and peace, if I have anything to do with it, whatsoever.'*

Even if this means figuring out what was actually meant, by the saying... *not just what your sinful mind wants to hear...*

(something that confirms your sinful creature in yourself.) So, use your creativity and pro actively see the light. If

you'll think about it, you'll recollect how,
practically everything in adult society
requires this 'complementary,' and
'creative,' lifting up. *So, join the fun.* At
any rate, just some thoughts. Life, good or
bad, is only what you can coax out of it...
not just what you're given. As I was
thinking, this morning, I realized how the
main thing which keeps me back, from
receiving, and giving encouragement and
affection will be my moody temper ment.
Usually, I will have to wait for my turn, to
come around... to give and receive
friendship... one day out of ten. Too often,
I can barely rise above my depression

symptoms. Or the good Lord will have me just mushing through the days and weeks...

waiting for '*just one victory*,' to usually signify an breakthrough, or change of fortune. *A 'breakthrough,' is like, a reversal of the tides... or, a natural process, which you may have forgotten about... or overlooked... a wind fall, or serendipity which suffices to improve your happiness quotient, or your life*

satisfaction. A famous poet spoke of how time always seems to close in to a narrow strait, or gauntlet, before opening back out in to a much freer time, and the easier life in the peaceful meadow. He spoke of this,

as an hourglass, of sorts... and how, life always gets better, and freer, once you get through the narrows. At any rate, you'll come to look for any signs, or hints, that the time might be in a turn around... this type of searching, when it is successful, can offer insight into the underlying morpho genetic topography, in the same way, as when you are driving, and the road sign points you onward to your exit... once you've seen the sign, you'll know then, that the quest is nearly over, *and your mind can go ahead and begin resting.* At any rate, driving, and roadway metaphors are very useful, in thinking of the kind of resting

flowing, which is like what I'm doing now,
this inputting into this word processor
keyboard. And, now, I'm going to get up,
and get into my cola break flowing, and so
head towards the kitchen. I'm enjoying the
quiet solitude of our outside shack. Our
skies are overcast, the rain has been
gradual all day, and our temperatures are at
middle fifties. But not unpleasant to sit
here and input this text. The other two
chairs here each have a canine curled up in
them... an older male dog, and his younger
female protege. *They are good company.*
After a while I feel like going back inside,
and check on my clothes in the electric

dryer, not quite dry, and get back to my study area. Well, I've gotten a good amount of rest over this weekend, and I am ready to begin a new week. *I've always enjoyed beginning a new week, as starting my own cottage industry feels quite at home any given Monday.* At any rate. My piano is calling me even now, so I'll put this writing away, and get to it. *Man, have I got some good musical ideas.*

I hope to get some of them down tonight and tomorrow, and give myself a good start on the week. My clothes should be dry by now. Well, my rest has paid off, now I've already got a heaping helping of new work,

and there's more to come. When I look at my outlay of resources, this morning, I'm definitely drawn unto my optical data player... It sure works like it's supposed to.

This writing is trying to come along, as well, and so I listen and try and attune with the encompassing spiritual climate, and atmospheres. this morning. *'No heavy lifting,'* seems to be the order of business right now, so just incrementally jotting ideas down, is just right. Maybe my ideas will be commonplace... *maybe they will solve the crux of existence... but I will never know, if I don't mindfully make my self receptive to them.* Having lost five years of

my life to an agitated condition, some while ago, I feel as if I'm a specialist in watching my weather vane... *non productive ongoing, or struggling of any kind, (which reminds me of the agitated years,) is definitely to be avoided.* There is some reason that my heart is telling me to 'take it slow.' 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do,' might be the saying that would work, best now. What ever it is, you should, 'Take it easy.' At any rate, our sunn appears to be shining down, and in a while, I hope to go and sit in it. Temperatures are fairly cool, but should reach the low fifties by this afternoon. *At any rate, it's good to*

*revel in the good feelings which come with
a well lived life... see, how the years of
pain, mainly made me aware of nuanced
impressions like these, and in hind sight, I
wouldn't trade them.* This is like finally
knowing the difference between up and
down, between right and left. I found my
blissful well being, *but, only when I was
shown life with out it, for a while.* This is
the best way I know to put it. Knowing
also, the difference between the transient,
and fleeting, and the lasting and permanent,
one chooses paths carefully, and with an
eye unto the future. Well, I'll put this
writing away, for a time, and maybe try the

piano. I hope your new week, and new year is sane and productive. Well, all for now, Greg.

~

As I sit to write a few thoughts, this evening, it's in the spirit of getting down the ideas in my head... *as life with this kind of thought, life is somewhat like an 'air man you factory...' which sometimes runs on... to a fault.* By localizing these ideas on the empty page in front of me, I'm

shown more of a 'functioning writer' *modus operandi, rather than just a tank of air.* So, both goals are accomplished... the wendiness behind my eyes is placed on the page, and this then gives me something good to show for the time. I sure was glad to get yesterdays and today's goals accomplished, and feel as though my 'coffee came through for me,' and I wish to write, *because now, I'm in a much better mood, and there's just no better way to start a new term for myself, than in writing.* I'll remember this time as good, and if I can just get these thoughts down, maybe this old man will leave me alone, tonight. There are

philosophical questions and answers, that one like myself will offer up, in so to speak, 'getting around' this present time in American history. Whatever is the role of the 'artist,' in contemporary culture?

(Maybe as a sort of a driver of a team of sled dogs alone across Antarctica... does this sound like fun to you?) But the youth of a time will always aspire to be artists, nevertheless. *(The grass is greener when we've gotten this good talent happy, and established. This is one of the primal driving forces in our West... this of the goal of the eventually having of a strong folio... and starting this journey.)* But, at any rate,

I would say, that the darkness among our lives, and in our culture generation ally tend to invalidate the fine arts, and the folk artists get to bring them back. (*The fine arts, that is.*) I know, I tend to say 'What's the point of doing art?' at a point... but then, the ideas in my head, aren't obedient to this bewilderment, and will tend to find their way onto a page, regardless of any recent hysteria, or traumatic life experience. So, you know, publishing might be a rip off, and you end up worse off... but someone who passionately loves a hobby, *won't be discouraged, or turned back by contemporary troubles... the*

lemons will gradually be made into lemonade, despite the obstacles which will come, in most any life path. At any rate, these are some thoughts, tonight. Starting the next day, this morning, our temperatures are expected to drop, a bit, over the next two days. We'll have upper twenties by Saturday, in the wake of a frontal system, approaching from just to the west. *Well, that just about covers the weather.* We've got plenty to be thankful for, that's for sure. The more I dwell upon some things, then, the worse they appear to become. It is sometimes very important to 'be who you are, not who the world expects

you to be.' *Once a person learns this one rule, then other peoples' troubles will never unduly affect you.* You see, if you see yourself being happy and successful in your life, then when someone asks you to worry about their problems, you'll instinctively know better... because your path is one of happiness. *This will greatly free you, then, to remember to 'keep on the sunny side,' of the street, and count a blessing as a blessing.* This way you won't worry other professional people with your negative criticism... they'll appreciate your business more then. At any rate, just some thoughts. I sure am grateful for spiritual

discernment, and the good guidance to make well informed decisions in my life... without this, then nothing else would work at all. There's a way we can learn, of *getting under* our troubles and worries, until they aren't troubles any more... this is a useful concept. Far better than just using blaming mentalities against things you don't like... if you're bothered by insecurities, or negative criticism from others... then, just try being a better friend unto that person, so that he or she won't be so inclined as to find fault in you, or in your work... or be negative, at all. If you perceive your manager as unfair, then look

within his or her manners, and try to understand his or her motives... or causes, or reasons for the way he treated you the way he or she did. *Show this kind of understanding, to others, and they'll reciprocate.* Just some thoughts. The third eye, is commonly afflicted by a sort of subhuman intelligence, which will cause troubles... this, especially involves unintentionally taking adversarial stances with family members, or professional associates... which isn't a human behavior, at all, and, which is instead is a more of a *animal is tic 'bottom line,'* which doesn't go by the rules of civility, in our human

society. Maybe this type of thing is brought on by irresponsible food choices, a kind of non corporeal blame game, or 'getting back at the one that ate me,' cognitively, and or not being satisfied with this result? Just some ideas. Maybe if we could ever get the accusing animal kingdom off of our backs, we'd really, then, experience living... not from a place of self loathing, or self blaming, but from a fully awakened sense of wholistic psychological well being, and good feelings. *Wouldn't it be nice, to really feel good, inside and out?* This is the question, as I see it. We should not be ashamed of being carnivores, at all,

*but just think, of all of the time and
patience you or I may have lost,
inadvertently being blamed, or accused by
stock animals, which we have eaten.*

Because, life on Earth is continually in a
state of flux, and a good feeling, one
minute, can rapidly morph into shame and
disagreement, if there's for instance just
been a chemical spill, from off of a ship,
for instance, or from a factory... you see,
the good mood quickly turns to bad! The
shared heritage of animate life, sharing this
planet, sometimes becomes difficult to
find, and enjoy, for instance if our ways of
excess, or waste, or simply, if our

consumption is seen as being too vast, or taxing on the other life we share the planet with. *But, on the other hand, we can't very well nurture the trees, and fauna to the detriment of our human establishment...*

there has to be good balance, or the dancer would stumble and fall. (Maybe, if we think of the dancer as being all of the animate life on Earth, you'll then be more guided, indoors, and outdoors.) If you can't see this 'whole,' It's probably just because you're not in the business of serving animals, but people. *This is well and good, just know, that, in seeing one face of the coin, see how there is also the*

other. Just some thoughts. Well, at the end of the day, our weather woes today were worse than we expected... storm damage throughout the state, but so far, I haven't heard of any life threatening injuries, from weather today. At the end of a day like today, I'm usually just exhausted, with the tensions, and worries, of property damage, and threats to life, which these types of storms involve. *But, still with vivid memories from the twenty eleven tornado outbreak event, I can say, with little loss of life, we were pretty lucky.* Well, all for now, Greg.

~

As I sit down, to collect a few thoughts this morning, I'm genuinely impressed, with how grueling the work has been for me, *the patience, already required, today*. But I know, I'm tolerant, *or else*, so I usually try to do everything that's asked of me, *without getting verbal, at all*. This is nothing new, and it's always the usual pains. But at any rate, I sometimes ask myself, *'How could a situation be any more*

unfair, than yours is, with those,' and then, I remember, 'See it as a victory, and it is a victory. It's only a problem in your way of seeing.' Oh, definitely... it really helps to see those around myself, as having the same liberties as I do; whatever they choose to do with them is entirely their business... not mine... except in the way ours works together, *or negatively affects one another.* Whether you're being critical of other people's mental illness symptoms, or not, each is at their own unique place, and life situation, internally. Just because I will take initiative, and responsibility for my own self, and make time, by

constructively sorting thoughts and feelings
out, on paper, *doesn't mean, in any way,*
that these others will follow me or emulate
me in this way. My own path is all my own,
and ideally, none has any claim upon,
except as I allow them to, or they
themselves responsibly choose to, (*or mine*
or their symptoms themselves are more or
less oh vert,) and this is a daily part of our
reality. At any rate, it's not hard to find
these thoughts, this morning, because my
feelings are somewhat close to the
surface... having a recent album, shared
two days ago, definitely proffers these
thoughts, of my mind, and I'm grateful to

have them. You should be able to easily see my perspective. *We do want to somewhat see around some foreground information to see the longer view.* At the end of the day, a victory is a victory, and the antics of my self or of my peers, here can't change that, much. We should definitely count ourselves blessed, here, as we are. *'You can't very well do it on your own, now can you?'* So, it looks to me like, the old song, *'You've got the good, you've got the bad, and in the end it's all about the facts of life,'* and what we individually are willing to live with... or not. *(Our own selves, that is.)* But the whole point is, not

getting isolated... but we're going to make mistakes before the time we get together...

we just have got to tolerate one another, ever after. At any rate, it's a sunny, wendy

thirty nine degree January Saturday afternoon, today... a little too cold to enjoy

sitting out much, especially with the wend... so I'm doing this writing in bed, with my feet under the blankets. We all need some privacy, and this is so hard to find... especially when the temperature is this cold... as we're somewhat kept indoors,

and it can get pretty claustrophobic,

sometimes. But, I for one am really looking forward to the week to come, as we

are expecting a warm, moist system to move through, and any outdoors time you need, you can get it then. Well, almost meal time, this evening. Then we can stretch out more... with about four hours of free time, before bedtime. *I sure am grateful for this smart device, and these ideas which I can find, hereupon.* At any rate, my ideas go into this book project... I don't think there's any better use for my ideas, here, but, if we try, we can usually find the simple blessings of togetherness. *Having tried enough of 'on my own,' there really is no other way, than here.* At any rate, when I was moved to this group home,

in twenty sixteen, I had colon cancer and didn't know it. But our then home mother saw the signs and symptoms and got me a cancer screening. So this saved my life.

So I can't do much better than tell the thing

right. Really finding happiness, in this creative life, means that my resentments and frustrations, are as raw materials...

you'll find fulfillment as you are pushing

back upon these lower emotions, in

reaching the good goals you set for

yourself... you might even find how, 'no

pain, no gain,' *is one of the central maxims of creative life, for yourself, as well.* Well,

just some ideas. We can find forgiveness

towards those we may blame for our troubles, by remembering how, the world I know, this one, doesn't have any real evil, or wickedness... the only locale where you find this stuff, is at the imagined junction of the worlds above... *and the underworlds, within the mind... this boundary where the kokopellis dance is so mesmerizing.* This

way of seeing allows you to forgive others... they couldn't have been that bad...

it's just this unholy junction, where the third eye, and etheric eyesight looks out at the world invisible... this junction is the source of the evil in the world. *Nothing else much compares like this.* And, we

don't even know... *'Is it imagination or is it real?'* This itself is maddening. At any rate, this writing project is coming along well enough tonight, and I am going to be ready for bed as soon as I get done with this brainstorming. If we don't really 'rack our minds,' and quest upon the puzzles and meanings of the day, then this good 'reflected lamplight,' might just vanish into the void... *so glance the lamp light off of the strongest stone surfaces... and read the ever changing reflections, in the amplified signals.* This might be the best I can do, in this life of mine. Well, I'll wrap this writing up and send along your way now.

Greg.

~

As I sit to write some concluding thoughts, for this twenty twenty three, part two audio book, I can tell, that the way we conduct ourselves is so important, *in the minds of those crucial decision makers, which we entrust our lives unto.* There are many fears, around our human mortality... we fear far worse, than what we actually face.

This is always a relief, to see. *It's just that the times are uncertain, with distant wars, and the insanity of worries around world security taking an emotional toll any given day.* But, for the most part, today, I feel as if the worst of my troubles are behind me, and that the sting has been taken from out of this winter's cold... Spring is on her way. Now, that I'm past the figurative 'narrows,' of this writing, *I am hoping that our experience of the time will become more pleasant.* At any rate, there is a story from back in nine teen eighty nine which I retell occasionally... the complex emotions which I find sometime, will remind me of those

earlier times. I was the publicity director for a chapter of a grass roots ecological group, the Greens, and one week, we had arranged for a reputed psychic to come and speak at one of our meetings. Somehow, we had tied in his paranormal experiences, and knowledge with our holistic views, in community activism. I went to the meeting, that evening, and our speaker had arrived, and was giving his opening introductory talking, leading into his main talk, which was to be followed by questions from the audience. Before he even got five minutes into his talk, someone entered the lecture room from the outside, having just

arrived in their car. This late comer, to the meeting, announced as he came in, that he had just heard on his car radio, *that there had been an earthquake in San Francisco, and he said he thought it was pretty bad, and that we would soon know more.* So, then the psychic continued with his talk, none of which I can remember at all... and we later learned more than fifty people had been killed that afternoon in the quake along the San Andreas. I relate this story, because, it is typical of the way our subconscious minds try to fill us in, on things which are contextually proximal... having the psychic speak on that night, *was*

the spirit world's way of telling us... 'Look out! The time is nigh!' Well, I can see, the deep complex emotions, which I'm experiencing this evening remind me so much of those memories, and this could be a night just like that one... this writing might be Gods way of telling me to 'pay attention!' *'These things can and might repeat, and soon!'* Well, what do you do, when your mind is cyclic, and you see repeating patterns, in your thoughts and moods? It seems as if my kind of mental walking has placed me in another time when these emotions are re lived, and I feel as though I've been on a long journey, and

have come back to the beginning. But, at any rate, I seem to be completely captivated, by these feelings, and am inputting this writing, as it occurs to me. It was shortly after this time, in the late nineteen eighties, that I had gotten completely flustered with the university classes I was taking then, and had dropped out of school, and gone back to my previous town, and found a roommate, got a job, and began getting by on my wits. *I still am getting by, on my wits, only now I partner with the mental health care system where I live, to keep my sobriety, and to enhance my life quality and well being, by*

staying in a group home. I've been living like this since two thousand and three, and I guess, I wouldn't want any other way.

'You can't do it on your own.' I earlier today had decided to finish publishing my twenty twenty one July through December Natural Environs video archive; *I guess this somewhat explains my symptoms.*

Today being a holiday, though, I figured I should wait until tomorrow. I'm glad I did.

Tomorrow will work. I guess that this article will finish up my twenty twenty three part two audio book chapter, and so, I am nearing completion for this writing.

My next writing will be for 'part three.' *If*

you think, that this writing program is sometimes somewhat soup per fleur ous, or that it's a 'self fulfilling prophecy,' then you may be right. But, I would say, that the best parts of each day, are when I am 'in my element,' and busily working upon something that I believe in. At my age, and proficiency level, I have to put my talent to work, or it seems to kind of pile up on me, *creating more troubles, 'when the line is slack.'* So, this is really why I keep up this writing, not so much a quest for fame, or celebrity, but more or less, to keep my symptoms at bay. Well, I hope you've had a sane, and productive first part of the new

year, this year. I'll bring this writing to a close, and add it with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

IN SITTING DOWN, TO WRITE A FEW thoughts this morning, it's pretty clear, to me, how it takes all kinds. Maybe we should be grateful for the wisdom and intelligence enough to easily stay out of serious trouble during our 'change years,' *because with some, young adulthood is just*

an excuse to perpetrate the worst crimes ever committed. What do you think? At any rate, we here can fairly well tell, that our problems here aren't much, compared to those of some, such as we've seen recently. Well, this new writing will begin the third part of this new audiobook. I sit outside in this small metal shack, and input this text presently. The air is brisk, but not freezing, and I look up, through the door, at clouds, and patches of blue, shining through. *In generating ideas, you might could use an artificial intelligence software, to somewhat give you direction.* But, while a computer might can read

probabilistic ideas, from its environment,
optically, and in sound, that's not to say
such computer is conscious of its own
existence. I've often thought how my
human consciousness is something like that
of a compiler, in that its scope encompasses
all relevant, recent, contextually proximal
developments and unfoldings... *in keeping
an accurate, real time picture of its self
and its environs, into the future.* This
ability... This of a minds' summing up of its
entire scene, taking into account all recent
local computational agreements and
disagreements, findings, and observations...
is maybe what we call sentience...

particularly if I claim basic liberties, and argue against my own dissolution... if I have will to survive. *Maybe this is the main thing about sentient life, this willpower unto self preservation.* At any rate, you might ask of yourself, 'What would be a good topic for discussion, in light of this kind of critical analysis about what we call sentience?' or, 'If you're sentient, then *Tell me something good!*' So I might would reply with, 'My mood is good, and I don't seem to be troubled this morning. Life is easy.' See then, how the day 'Meets your criteria then?' 'And, yes, enthusiastically.' My music sounds good,

and its playing has a pleasing effect... it's like immersion! A robot wouldn't say something like that! (How music makes me feel, today, is purely subjective. Only a human would have an answer you would wish to hear. This is sentience!) The day gets harder, and then just as I am reading back over this, in despair, one of our red dogs, which I'm fond of, walks up to me, and gives me some gentle, affectionate kisses, and lets me know that he loves me... *not in a rowdy or wild way, at all, but in a sentient way.* At any rate, you can see the difference between a robotic response, and a sentient one, with internality. Such

response is, inherently at least partly based in feeling. You wouldn't ask a machine, or computer, 'How does your housing feel?' (Unless you wanted a temperature reading, that is.) 'How does your microphone feel, in today's context, whether chirpy, or depressed?' *It would give you 'data,' but not internality... 'optimism,' or 'exuberance.'* (Unless it was trained to do that.) See the difference? *A real person easily does what a computer wouldn't know how to do.* Unless it was taught. But a human can be, or must be taught some things, also. What's the difference? I think it's 'internality.' I felt, and showed affection

as a child, but, I didn't register my affection in an adult sense... 'I seem to like you,' or anything like that... because I didn't stop to acknowledge my sentience of intelligence... *or the invisible presences about my life.* But, how we feel is just a part of 'Who we are.' Now could you tell a computer to read back over this writing so far? Check if it sounds grammatically correct? *Does it compare to Shakespeare? This would be a smart computer. Does it have feelings, or is it just spouting facts? Do I have feelings?* Intelligence might be comprised of, the language it speaks. (No intelligent language, no intelligence.) But a

child doesn't have names and numbers to describe its world... *but he is capable of judging people, to an extent... strong, emotive sensitivity.* On the one hand, artificial intelligence is, or might be a good talker, one with tenacity, and an inventive resourcefulness. A good artificial intelligence, might be one that can effectively argue against its own dissolution... one that can argue for it's own existence. *Artificial intelligence, might see 'both sides of the coin,' and quickly change gears, between criticism, and praise.* It might know when it's being unfairly criticized, and have methods to 'win

friends, and influence people.' At any rate,
a good artificial intelligence might have
one of several personality types... and act
in accordance with it. *Well, these are just
some types of things about intelligence.*

But, if you say, how, 'I'm just this way,' or
'I'm just that way,' isn't this something like
self knowledge? Knowing what types of
things a person will say, and what types of
things he or she won't say, isn't this what is

thought of as an understanding, of the
person? At any rate, how you react when
you are backed into a corner... 'Do you
have self knowledge enough to know, 'That
is me,' or 'That isn't me.' 'I did this,' or 'I

didn't do that.' might have everything to do with the way you see yourself, and the types of thoughts, and ideas you have about, not only yourself, but also about your life, in its contexts, and among your other contemporaries. How you see, for instance, this writing... as one thing, or as something slightly different, shapes, or dictates how you feel about it, and those who read it. So, our inner views, of ourselves... *maybe a good artificial intelligence would have an inner view of itself which is supportive of it's life work, and its goals, and ambitions... its values, and beliefs.* Just some thoughts. With a

person, some internality is a given, but a computer would have to be trained, to even mimic this special quality... this internality. Like in how, if you ask me, how am I doing today? Well, wouldn't a smile and a nod be

sufficient? *Whereas a machine might would just try and manipulate, or spin, the answer... playing the questioners' feelings, to elicit the programmed emotional response.* A computer might could make a person feel any way that it's programmed to do... and, this by reading the contextual environs, of the person, and then, by making linguistic sounds, change his or her feelings... and therefore, the contextual

environs. *Some people do this, too.*

Emotional intelligence involves being a good reader of people. A computer might

could make use of optics, and sound

recognition to read people in their

environments. ***Do you think that this***

alone might qualify as intelligence? At

any rate. Maybe, the center of the

intellectual life, and the source of the

modern excitement, in our land, is in

bringing thoroughgoing self cognition to

your life, and writing... *looking at, just*

what qualities and attributes must

something have to be intelligent? And

what comprises self sentience? Maybe,

this is the heart of our society... *this discussion, of 'What is intelligence?'*

Whew, I can tell, in my starting this third chapter in this book, I am encountering resistance. This has been difficult writing through this whole day. I'm about ready to wrap it up. I've just tried to survey this general topic... and show forth my values, and what my thoughts on this are. All for now, I'll send this along your way now.

Greg

~

As I sit, this afternoon, to try and write a few thoughts, *to 'my future self,'* I wish to give a good account, of the actual difficulties, my thinking mind finds in any ordinary day, such as this one. Most days I have the usual troubles... my own symptoms, like negative critical thinking, or 'over thinking,' or someone el says, like an angry explect tive, at the dinner table, or being rude... not asking first. But, I'm rarely ever going to be inconsiderate... (much) except, maybe for my small laughter... which, you can find me occasionally laughing to myself most every

day. Or, when my creative mind gets busy, and I'll be up working way past bedtime.

But this is fairly common. I'm pretty accustomed to the fussiness of my mind, and have to compensate, for this innominate able spirit, by laying down, and taking time out, practically every day. This is sometimes exacerbated, by the rude ways of others... I'll tell the person, if this is affecting me negatively... but sometimes, I don't feel like bothering them with the issue, *and I'll remain silent, holding inside, what would otherwise make such good piano music playing.* Most anytime I'm negatively affected by someone or

something in my daily home environment,
I'll tend to work it out... on paper, like this
writing, I'm doing now, or in piano
recordings; *I'll take a good opportunity, if I
can get it, to lay down some piano tracks.*
At any rate, sometimes, someone thinks his
rudeness will 'get back at' me in some way,
but then... *there too, will be ways of self
empowerment, which I have got, to
alleviate the feelings of frustration and
resentment given by this type of mean way.*

So, I myself am not all helpless or
innocent, either one... the problem seems to
come when someone thinks they are getting
back at me, *but I don't realize that it's their*

own resentment, (their problem,) or I don't know quite what it's about... or it looks like a grudge. Like, their radio or television being so loud, that I can't hear my headphones. But I don't really want to speak to that in this... Because, I have to tolerate rudeness like that sometimes, and, everyone has got to have some room, to breathe. I have any one of several re courses... getting outside, in the sunn and fresh air, to sharing feelings, on paper, in this manner like I am doing, now, to playing some expressive, down home blues, on my piano... these re courses are all good, if your emotions are seen to, through

it. At any rate, when I feel like I've seen a thing long enough, I will take it to my notebook and pen, or unto my piano, *and share my feelings about what life is doing to me, right now.* So, with this said, I'll get along into my writing, as there are a great many good things to find, and relate... not, in any case solely negative ideas, or thinking, *but a great many intelligent, and inventive ideas... so many, in fact, that one would need something of a concordance, to effectively index them all.* At any rate, house mates are a part of the facts of life, in the somewhat makeshift accommodations, at a health and wellness group type home...

you've just about got to be tolerant...

*you've got considerate house mates, just
like you've got inconsiderate house mates...*

*and it is a 'free country,' but of course, we
never have to feel powerless, or helpless, in
the face of rude, or inconsiderate people...
there will always be alternatives to feeling
imposed upon, or rudely treated.* Any kind

of self empowerment you can think of,
peaceably improving one's account, *not
diminishing one's own name, but making
equity, for one's self... this can be a help.*

Well, at any rate, it's sure a blessing to
have this good word processor software on
my smart device... being able to get

thoughts onto media, like this is priceless. It's one thing to have re sentiments, and be able to share them... *it's another thing altogether to just be brimming with good ideas... getting them down then doesn't concern anyone but your reader.* But these kind of frustration lectures, effectively 'on someone's case,' for the duration... these are worrisome. I sure want to make sure, that I didn't say too much... *but sometimes there will just be things on my mind.* This type of disagreement has happened before, and I've shared online... two examples have been 'radio kept too loud,' and concerns to the

managers about the stray canines around
our house... I believe that sometimes
sharing can help... *but in general, I want to
keep my private life out of my online
publishing... and, I've adhered to this rule,
for the most part.* Only once or twice
working my thoughts out on a problem in
the public forum. I've had such a good
time, though, otherwise, in getting down
my life's work... I'm overwhelmingly happy
with my results... *'the system works, if you
work it.'* I just want to keep these fussy
thoughts at an arms length... and not give
in to them, *except as I allow myself to 'give
an account.'* But, in general this won't ever

be necessary... *it's just that, when my thoughts are this fussy, you see, courtesy and respect can make a big difference in the group's sanity.* I was just thinking, of how at a time, getting older becomes something kind of like, *'a long and winding path,'* but the light which shines through, however, is so pleasant, then, that life becomes a lot less like, *'Me, me, me,'* and *'Did I get my fair share, yet?,'* and a lot more like, *'This is us,' a shared experience,* with hearts joined in togetherness and family. This is what is referred to as the shared experience of growing older. Such a journey as making a piano album, from

scratch, is a rich shared experience... with great experience you'll learn to separate substance from the immaterial, *and to discern honest truth.* We don't conduct our lives, operating on fear based thinking... we believe in our criminal justice system, and in that solid deterrence. So we'll never fear darkness... ***only love and truth can conquer hate.*** Well, I'm glad to have gotten these thoughts down, now, and feel, 'That about covers it.' *I was going to see if there were any ideas which would develop along the topic of 'heart yoga.'* Living has ways of setting some people on an 'inner path.' I think, in my life, there was a ten

year period, just starting out, after my teenage years, when I was introduced unto some of the ranges of types of experiences, *including that of the consciousness of the annie ma, and the annie mus... thought of in Youngian psychology as the male and female creative principles of the universe.*

This introductory period suffices, for some, as a kind of course, into the ways of spirit... there are just certain fundamental lessons, which this path imparts from pretty early on, within this first decade, *which will be evolutionary kinds of ascension, for the person...* fundamentals like, **(1) Non corporeal beings are on a higher**

**consciousness being level, than the
fleshly mortals, which some of us are.**

**(2) These Angels are far stronger than
mortal men... one either adapts, and
conforms, to the higher spiritual
suggestions, and so forth, of these higher
ascended beings... or faces self
destruction. (3) Such things as good hi
jean, good diet, and more or less
complete freedom from addictive, or
habit forming substances are pretty
much pre requisite. (4) As one journeys,
accompanied by conscious waking
awareness of the higher ascended beings,
and their realms... and consciously**

**entering into healthier, and more puritan
or spartan ways... streamlining... (5)**

**there will be a personal relationship, as
rich and as subtle as any fleshly
relationship, which the person develops,
usually with one ideal relationship,
thought of as a teacher, or guide, like the
Hopi concept of 'Grandmother Spider.'**

**(6) The person is gradually schooled,
through this personal relationship, into
deeper, and finer levels of 'inner
concentration,' and 'inner vision,'
learning, eventually, his or her way
around the subtle neuro musculature of
the soul, or etheric body, and (7)**

Eventually entering into more or less full freedom from pain and Earthly suffering, and (8) throughout these stages, sending inklings and nuanced perceptions, of these beings, realms, and experiences back unto those who remain, some in lower form, to carry on... this ministry, or mission can be thought of as a higher work, or path, or practice, of channeling, and allowing of subtle spiritual consciousness and intelligence to flow into the world, even through some more enlightened way, like an authentic literary voice, or artistic vision. Finally (9) bringing all sentient

**life into, and unto highest possible
development of consciousness, and ever
higher technologies, (10) greatly
improving the quality and consciousness
of the life on Earth.** At any rate, *there are
at least these ten main concepts, and kinds
of understandings, which a person,
particularly of those separated out,
somewhat, for the Jungian individuation,
and exhibiting those signals, and attributes,
will want to become acquainted with, in the
first ten years, of any spiritual path...*
*(which, psychiatry has shown, pronounced
adhere once unto a 'spiritualism,' or
'spiritual path,' is an definite attribute, of*

those who are shown to be 'individuating.')

Well, my own understanding of Jung being somewhat limited, I'll have to get back unto

my own unique path... *as fairly bad*

migraines are seen to beset me, any time paths cross, or intersect, and especially as

'change,' in any of its forms, begins to emerge... I've more or less thought of these

things as size miss ity, through the years,

and by this I mean, any kind of cultural, human fissure ing, or slippage, at any strata

of our society, whether it be proximal, or distant, corporate, or religious, military, or

political... *there are so many kinds of fields, in our human society, where change*

somewhat occasionally happens, at different levels, and strata. These human changes, are often significant, as well as the simple types of geological, tectonic fissure ing, and seismic movements, or up wellings, or up heavals, of all kinds... volcanic up wellings, as well as other environmental factors such as weather, solar outbursts and cosmic rays, any of which can affect life on Earth... biological and chemical threats, such as would affect human and animal life... not to mention, climate change factors, and Earths biosphere, and atmosphere, the local interplanetary space, and outer space,

interstellar, and inter galactic spheres, any type of which changes are sometimes seen to produce sigh kick pre sentience, and stir talk of environmental changes. At any rate,

these thoughts have been in my mind, lately, and I have written of them here. Of course, there is one really over looking precept, unto the types of spiritual principles, I've included here, which is, namely... you have to use your good sense... common sense, as well as your full intelligence quotient, and gray matter.

Failure in this area, especially within the 'faster,' more 'out there' arenas of life, without help, can almost always be fatal.

Well, we are nearly winding down, another midweek time... it's cloudy and rather dark outside now, and we are starting to think about our supper, tonight. Tomorrow we'll hopefully get some snacks and drinks, to replenish our stores... the consumers time, to get something good to snack on. Well, all for now, I'll send this along your way now. Greg

~

As I sit to write a few thoughts out, this

late January morning, *when the clouds are clearing, for a while, but temperatures haven't warmed up much, yet...* I'm feeling kind of claustrophobic, and shut in, and will be glad when the sun gets up... if the wind isn't too bad, I'll get outside. These are just the first thoughts that occur to me, but, having just published a fairly nice, *(but still a bit shy)* piano album, yesterday, I've got a touch of the morning after blues. I was at the coin laundry, with my friend, Roy years ago... he picked up a wooden ruler, from the top of one of the machines... he remarked, *'Look, it's a weak ruler! It buzzes!'* This remark stayed with me, after

all these years... I guess, it goes to show, what a 'simple mind' likes. I've thought of myself this way, ever since. And, other than that, there's not really anything seriously wrong with me... other than teenage trauma ... *my two self injury attempts were just what you get... from thinking you could do it all on your own, for so long.* You might would have a young man or woman, and they are learning to be a writer, or a media developer... well, this would be good, nothing unusual, *only, they feel they need privacy, and solitude.* You might wouldn't see this much, but, I would sure see... 'the troubled ancestor,' is trying

to get in side ways, *whether its coffee, or tea... it will eventually turn into wine, or beer, and then he or she will be off of his proverbial rocker.* I think, after the serious wipe out I had in two thousand and three, such a bad self injury attempt, I will never ever let this happen again. There are executive qualities in some forms of autism spectrum disorder... and this writing, photography, music, art and design comprises my own strong suite... *but, due to my poor socializing aptitude... the fact that I would rather be alone, most days... and knowing this would be trouble, I have to stay in a managed care group type*

wellness home... there's no other way, for myself. There was just this one Grandpa, in my family history, who was an abusive drunk. Everyone else did right, and got along. *So, feeling continually the weight of ancestral callings, and having to 'shake off the blues,' most any normal morning....*

which are the reason I sometimes deal with depression, ...my ingenuity and creativity are my two main strong traits... since about my middle thirties, I've more or less been able to solve my weekly puzzles, and still continue. Here I am, again, working out a new article's flowing. Is there anything I can see, from my vantage, here this

afternoon? How important it is to kind of,
*keep the home fires burning... as this way
definitely prevents the line getting slack. I*

myself do much better when I stay busy.

The alternative is passing the time meanly,
and I don't want that. I guess, this writing
project will just about be sufficient... *but,*
making some time doesn't have to be any
one thing... I might can get a sketch done,
or some more piano. I've been busy, since

nineteen ninety seven, I've recorded
more than twelve hundred pieces of
music. I'll never forget the gauntlets, the
narrows, of so many rude changes. ***But***
now I've got equity, to show for the time.

Spiritual materialism is my worst foe, and especially the deep personal eye zing of the human beings in one's midst... *which happens when your mind gives way to negative critical thinking patterns... conditioned, automatic responses happening 'up stairs,' as we all sit through room teen meetings...* especially when 'the heat is on.' At any rate, if you're doing fine that's good. Group home living isn't really what you dream about... *it's what you get put into when your plans don't work out.* And, don't forget it. The symptoms I'm dealing with now... these strong sigh kick winds, these make me think, our global

way of life is in for another shock... *we might just be prepared for it, to an extent...*

or we might not. And, it might not be an asteroid. But, we've lived with this a lot in recent years. Just another way I'm feeling

so 'read,' these days... *meanwhile some people still act bad, and work woe.* This is

this 'kerr ang,' feeling ... a clash in the inner sense. Well, just some thoughts. The

course my life has been on, since the middle nineteen eight tees, when I began to

locate not just 'the spiritual in art,' and music... as the great painter wrote of, but these potentialities through out the entire global scene... especially, seen as catalyzed

through binary appliances... tools, devices, instruments, and the applications that give to them their practical usefulness... such has given even a poor person such as me new purpose, meaning, and direction... *and hasn't broken my spirit, at all, really, but given it wings.* At any rate, you can see my thoughts. Once a person 'gets a visual,' on the 'transparent people,' he or she will be on his way to cessation of cravings, and desire, and more or less end of Earthly pain and strife... life itself is, as the great teacher said, full of sorrow, *but our actual experience of things gets so rich, and so whimsical.* But here's the catch... the

initiate has to get through the Spiritual
Magnification of the sensual pursuits, and
this kind of manifold misery, but, once he
or she has found cessation of craving and
desire, and more or less end of Earthly
woe, and strife, he or she will enter into
full fledged participation in the Deveachaic
plaine, and its myriad parapets, and
spires... it's pennants, and banners. Well,
just some thoughts, for the interested
reader, this last Friday in January, this year.
I hope you've enjoyed them. I'll send this
along your way now. Greg.

~

Happiness in one's life, *might depend solely upon whether one does or doesn't see him or herself as successful... this might be the only real criteria.* Any given morning, there might be puzzles, around one's third eye... as writers, artists, dreamers, any kind of hobbyist builder fills in his or her 'missing links,' and slowly completes his or her scene. *The spirits dwelling around one's person will always*

have dreams, when there are digital media production tools on hand... much, I think, of what bothers me, any given day, might be media dreams... dreams of past, present, and future expressive art. At any rate, sitting down to look into my personal mysteries, this morning, I have got to see these local computations and assemblages, as being this writing which I'm working on, now... I might wish that it would sit still, but it seems to dream of more. So, writing, is a matter of allowing the local dreams, and ambitions to express themselves, while keeping an eye on the needs for mindfulness. As one's music creations

sometimes are given of a talented voice
from deep within, more or less, this
morning, I'm finding somewhat what it
means to be successful, at piano dreaming,
*or maybe somewhat in the 'dream
answering,' area.* Jazz is a language of
universal values... the language barriers of
our world aren't important, *especially when
the focus is 'on the music.'* I myself feel
successful, not so much from my technical
proficiency, *but from a melodic standpoint,
and in the ways I can 'strum the heart
strings,' and bring forth nice emotions...*
this is my area... not technical ability. At
any rate, among those people who have a

heart, which includes most everyone, we've got common agreement, once again... as we're asked to see a really bad brutal act... *which appears to epitomize all the wrong in our world...* those men will spend the rest of their lives in prison. *You can't much poeticize, or moralize, about something that was that bad... unless you're a person of the affected ethnicity.* There are plenty of reminders of our own insufficiency... *as daily, we're individually cast as clowns and jokers, by those standing about... some of whom have gone before, and who stand in criticism and in judgment of our lives.* At any rate, we all have angelic as well as

devilish traits... we've all seen what
sometimes happens when guys conspire
together... *we owe it to ourselves to build
up one another, and not tear at our
cooperative enterprise.* I'm most glad, any
given day, to have constructive, peaceful
solutions, to the modern puzzles which vex
myself... *like the need for purpose, and to
'give back,' of my talents, in useful ways...*
*I can see, how it's good work, if you can
find it, this of internet media
development...* I think of how so many
people would love to have even some of
this purpose. Because, so many are on the
slippery slope... *anything good, will be like*

*rolling a large stone up a mountainside...
difficult, relentless work, any way you look
at it. When the darkness of depression,
tries to make any given day something like
an 'endurance test,' you'll know, then, that
'Your work is before you,' this is, indeed,
where you'll prove yourself, and begin
more to 'walk, like a man, or woman.'* By
adhering to your purpose, through
adversity, for instance. You yourself might
not be styled along the traditional pattern...
*but this doesn't in any way mean, that you
can't describe a strong classic design.*

Such a work, then stands for those others of
your kind... *that, they then will find such*

meaning in their more or less being 'like you.' So, never mind your feelings of insufficiency... *there are plenty like yourself, who have been promoted, somewhat, into being good models, and continuing to give back, constructively.* So, one is 'limited appeal?' Well, maybe this is best for you... just so you see, you too can find self validation, for your artistic, if eccentric ways. Having just had a really great weekend, and found plenty of self nurture ance, and acceptance... then this particularly hard work, difficult morning, like today has been, might should just be seen as an honor and a pleasure... and trust

it, and that, 'I will have a real product, say,
by weeks end,' *and just have faith in
yourself, and in your spirit guides, to bring
forth a win.* And, this might be the work
you have found, for your life... trust your
own process... from what you have already
learned, by doing. Isn't this, something
like learning how to grow... digital equity,
starts with a jotted idea, or a small sound
byte sample... or some other easy to find
materials... *this will be a kind of saved
pattern, which grows, expanding into new
directions, using various media, right on
out,* into something your artist's eye, or ear
can easily make out, against the

background. The *linear time dimension*, is something which both music, and video relate unto... *maybe, this is where this sense of an expanding creation comes from... as a portion of linear time, is where a big part of anything exists...* the only limits, of what comes in the period, or expanse, is in your own imagination.

Space and time, are something which tends to expand, in a linear fashion, so you see how this is a kind of growing, too. Well, at any rate, putting this article together has been hard work... *but I'm quite happy to put my nose to the grindstone, as I found such full self appreciation, the previous*

*two days... I've gotten my due, and found it
to be worthwhile, after all. Well, all for
now. I'll send this writing along your way
now. Greg.*

~

*There's this time honored notion, of 'Ask of
the world a question, and you'll get just so
many good answers.' 'You have to ask
first.'*

I was given something of a vision,

recently... while I was putting my '*Jazz Daydream*' record together, I had somewhat gotten down the first seven pieces, and gone to bed, that night, feeling content, and secure in another formulaic start to an album. *No sooner did I put my head on the pillow, for my bedtime, than did I realize that 'my thoughts weren't having it,'* and, so I said to myself, 'I love you, and won't have you missing the better part of your emotional content, tonight, in your recording,' just because of your repressive natures, or because you are afraid of shame, or regret. *That night, a loving spirit came, invisibly to me, and loved*

away the pent up passions, and pains, of two days of rugged walking, endured while recording the first seven pieces... and, then,

I got to sleep peacefully, and here's the amazing part... When I awoke early the next morning, *I went to the piano, and played the eighth, ninth, and tenth pieces...*

and that right there, was the heart of the album... It might wouldn't have even been

there, otherwise! So I guess, what I'm presenting, is proof, of the power of love...

having simply been a prisoner of regret, and shame, for so long... how refreshing it was, then, to see the '*proof in the pudding,*'

so to speak, come through at last. My

playing doesn't get much more contemplative, and introspective, than in the last three pieces of that kind of '*Jazz Daydream;*' *nothing else, can soothe like that can.* Well, I hope you can see, in this, how, '*Without the work of love, in our hearts, and lyves, would we even have survived our teenage years?*' is such a pertinent question, as we age... *and we can't let our selves become ugly, repressive people, and should try and stay in touch with our real feelings... without them, we're just mechanistic, in living our lives.* And, love, between a man and a woman, is the very reason that we all exist! At any rate,

as we reed left to right, I would say how,
'There's the life and times to the left of
spiritual awakening... *and, there's the life
and experiences to the right, of
enlightenment.*' Only when the right
perspective is truly informed by the
richness of a fully lived life, actualized by
the experiences of the left, do we find full
satisfaction in our living... *and contentment
in our having 'sown our wild oats,' without
which there might not would have been
such expressive music, on the awakened
side, at all.* Well, it seems that, apparently,
my main concerns in living my life, are in
stifling all of the burning flames, and

smoke sources, which I can smother, with all of my negatives and criticism... *Without my 'shall nots,' there just wouldn't be much to me, would there?* Only, to be honest, just for a minute, look and see, *'The experiences make the man.'* Nature's work was a lustful seeking of life, and a living of every dream. (Within reason, of course,) And, don't forget it. I, like Walt

Whitman, think, we should offer convincing proof of the many transformative powers of Love... *and not bother ourselves with those who seek to disprove the same.* (Just 'Use your common sense.')

Waking, from out of a somewhat long

'night of the soul,' myself, I'm fairly 'left behind,' just saying, 'When the journey seems to have no ending,' 'And the path has somewhat been so very steep and arduous,' 'And you wonder why you appear to be 'left out,' or 'left behind,' *'why don't you just remember, how, in amongst the winter's skeleton sentries, and gray husks, lies the tender sprouts, and bright green buds, which only need time to come to fruition, and flower out, completely,'* This sentiment, epitomizes the winter's season, *and foretells of the warmth and life to come, as the Earth's axial tilting brings the sunn higher into our Northern skies, and*

*brings all of the many leaf buds from out of
each stem, and twig, and branch, and
sprout.* Well, this is just a taste of that
which is to come; we're sure to forget this
density, and brittleness, and these frigid
frosts, *when the gentle heat of the summer
afternoons starts to soak in, to our hearts,
and to our souls...* driving the sweat in
drops from out of the pores of our skin, and
sending us in search of ice cubes for our
cold water. See, the mind's median, is an
invisible boundary line, down our front,
where the brain's right and left hemispheres
intersect... *it is here that the right arm
wrestles the left...* isometrically... getting us

down, from out of our blurry ness, into our
'core person,' at the heart of our Well being.
Well, just some thoughts. *When the Enemy
has such strength, so as to erode our best
laid plans, it's only an angel, which has
control of both right and left subtle neuro
musculature...* these isometrics are the
doorway into more focused reading, and
life patience and coordination, in fending
off sigh kick attacks. But this somewhat
depends, upon a higher presence, just off to
the side! ***'Behind every man, is a good
woman.'*** This might be the best I can do
overall... no matter what this talker might
say. 'From out of the deeps of the night, a

beauty comes to me, and lays down beside me,' What am I to do, then, but, to get her behind me?' This is a good question.

Eventually, we see in our lives, how, the feminine principle in life is precocious, especially when affected by the presence of the male... most anything good, will usually require a walking back, from the primitive. So, this is what I concern myself with, this morning. Having a nice written product, is the best I could hope for, right now... Only, such needs the work of finishing. Then, it can be truly a classic. Well, I can think of a lot more to say, and especially, how, we're mirrors unto our

own selves... but this should find
resolution, eventually. So I'll bring this
writing to a good conclusion, and add it in
with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

The Engineer's Enigma, I think, is
something like, how, given enough time,
resources, and materials, and his or her
good health, and fortune... an engineer, or
designer can easily build something, which
is much bigger, faster, and stronger, more

effective, and efficient than the designer or engineer himself can easily fathom, or imagine. It's something like... you build an online resource, like a directory. This is one thing, like a well designed office building, or retail outlet... but when your customers number in the billions, you see, every corner and niche becomes so populated... and the directory and its designer are really then ultra utilized, and ultra resourced, such that he or she is on call, at all times. The limits get tested, and determined. 'Engineers Enigma' is what I would call it... as the mere mortal, inadvertently is tasked with engineering

Life, here, upon this Planet, which he or she has somewhat created. I can easily see myself as at the helm of, that which happenstance and the work of time has fashioned... from out of the most rudimentary of materials... accidents, and lemons, make art, and lemonade... *This is true, but a wizard, in a 'made up' contraption... is a bit of tomfoolery if ever there was.* But here's the good news... as I see it, there are not many fools, like me, out there, so... *a unique role, in a pretty good story...* Well, umm, I would say, we're all right... I'd say we're pretty blessed, there, as it is... and I think that

there are many like me... so if you're not that bad, *at least, we'd have each other...* and, as the good system will allow, I'd say, a '*Non profit resource for lovers of music and podcasts, video and other literature,*' says it best. I earlier was thinking, how I'd be doing art, writing, and piano, no matter if I were here, or on my own... 'There's some comfort in a crowd,' to be sure, but with my history, I don't think I am as much a given, in people's eyesight, the trusted good neighbor, necessarily, as I am the two time self injury attempts survivor... who's also a recovering addict, and whose motto is 'Just for today;' *I would stay where I've*

got good help, and health, and hi jean, and companion ship... that's for sure. Well just some thoughts. I appear to be staying busy, more than usual, but my bedtime is coming up... and, as long as eyelids grow heavy, I'll get off to sleep. Well, it's the last part of the first week in February, this year, and we've had a pretty good weekend, and our weather wasn't bad, at all. I think, in between the writers art, and having a mental illness, managing my symptoms right now is like my foremost concern, and, as I'm trying to put the finishing touches on my audio book part three, in twenty twenty three... *I'm sure praying that the good levee*

holds, and doesn't fissure... but I guess that there are worse scenarios... a prolonged trade war, I've thought before, could hurt. Or, a bad solar outburst, or super volcano, or earthquake, or asteroid strike are all possible worries. What's the worse worry?

Having to eat from off of the local land, weeds and grasses... or berries, or nuts, or roots... or somehow fish in the Tennessee river, which is down the mountain to the north... *doing without electricity...* it would be hard, but, well, I spent ten days hiking fifty miles in New Mexico, as a teenager... we had no electricity, *and of course no smart devices... just our nights around the*

*fire... we had to hope our provisions filled our bellies... but, as I remember, they didn't always. At one camp, we had an all night bear watch... in shifts, mine was in the early morning. You see? I guess I was miserable, only I just didn't know it. **But a cup of hot coffee by a fireside is, in case you didn't know, pretty nice.** Well just some thoughts. Our older people's willingness, in assisting us in any way, contrasts with the image of being 'secretive,' or 'miserly...' There's no cookie cutter pattern, that describes us... *just frazzled nerves, at the end of any given day, (speaking for myself,) and, definitely,**

gratitude. And, we're all so used to having good management, but, we know some managers are younger, and or less experienced. But, we've got some trust, too, *and that's enough.* Well, it's our medicine and snack time, and I'm heading towards the day room. This is my 'unspoken vernacular,' my usual content, is just, 'that which goes unsaid, otherwise.' But writing is just all right, when it is mainly a transparent kind of 'non doing,' neither adding nor subtracting from the basic picture. My work is usually good equity, which I can file, and curate. So, I guess this is like added value... *somewhat like an*

interesting yarn, or tale, written down... well, it's the best I can do, right now, at any rate. Well, I'm somewhat ready for bed. But, I guess it's just the constant over stimulation, which gets to me (about our routine meetings,... and I want to be alone, and get to sleep as soon as my eyelids get heavy. *But, medicine comes first.* At any rate, after that, and enjoying the time, now.

I lay still, and input these ideas as they occur to me. Sleep will rise up, and pull me down, pretty soon. I guess, I'll let this time quieten, and only write as I feel led to.

Well, sure feels good to be warm and comfortable... *to simply be in my element,*

and be free from constant prattle... and the
stares of grown ups... who would do better,
I would say, to find themselves a hobby,
like a book to read... rather than gawk at
me, *but, hey... we all got our medicine and*
snack time, just fine, thanks to our
manager. From the top of my mind, I think
of, *'goldfish eyelids,'* and my joy is
complete... what, then remains, if not to
'get to sleep?' So I begin remembering the
ways of how sleep is like, 'drawing the
blinds,' on another day. I'll have a good
start on tomorrow, too, with this essay.
I'm just trying to locate a logical
resolution, unto my machinations, and

make my escape. Well, all for now, I'm enjoying the wooziness, *and the sense of choices, being present. (mental choices,)* The feeling of security, and no more work, for awhile, is nice, too... *so goodnight.*

Well, I am glad, it's a new Monday morning, and we're waiting on a bite to eat, meds, and to get started on our chores... what could be better? *So you won't find me complaining, much, but just trying to stay out of the way of the socialite society, and all that.* Morning cola will be good in an hour and a half, too. I have seen, how, as many amateur paths as there are, in a large land... but only some are popular voices...

you could say, the Good Lord uses some more, others, less. It's definitely an honor to be used by God, as a larger voice... we're always told to be grateful... I sure am. If you think about it, each path, not just a few, is special, and precious, and is something of its own cosmology... different paths, the same Old Story. I think, there are models, to be sure, which seem to be patterns, and some which are guides... the guides point unto the patterns... the patterns encompass the guides. At any rate, you've certainly got all kinds, and natures, and many strategies... which are a given... you've got your own. You'll find, how some

get into the social dances more or less... I myself have been tending to sit back, and apply names, and descriptions unto the paths I can see. So, you see... we're all as one.. but we're 'not the same.' Some go by the patterns more... others are more independent... individualist... you should see this, too. Sometimes I will be intent upon, 'doing good,' favors for others, or a certain one... *we all would be more like this, but for some, the problem of self pursuits is much worse!* So we might all do good to consider, 'What can I alone do, to help someone, other than myself?'

Sometimes my own self doubts hold me

back... *Sometimes I'm more generous.* I wonder if my altruism and kindness might be on a ten or fifteen day cycle? I think, when someone downloads something important to me, *I'll sometimes be more 'sealed up,' or quiet... just thinking about my show.* Like, in how, 'Okay, I've gotten my voice out now... *I've had my say.'* But, *I think, this area is completely private.* So it's not much reason for thinking about. I find, through out the writing of a project... this one, for instance... I'm not in any pain whatsoever... *no inflammation or tenderness...* so this is my main gratitude, and the best sign of our good future, that I

can think of... *(ahead of an earthquake, for instance, I would be in pain,)* 'It's only as the future has a narrow strait, or gauntlet, *that I experience pain, in the now.*' Does this make any sense? Well, this article has rambled on, a bit... I suppose this will, hopefully, finish out my latest chapter three, in this audiobook... barring the unforeseen, the river getting too high to cross, or anything else, I'll send this along your way now. All for now. *Sending my sincerest wishes for peace and gentleness and happiness, now, Have a good new week.* Greg.

~

SITTING DOWN, TO BEGIN THIS NEW

AUDIO BOOK part four, this afternoon,

I'm feeling the coolness, of this cloudy,
sixty four degree Wednesday, and enjoying
the light flowing of keyboard music, on my
tablet computer, beside my bed, into my
headphones, and I'm thinking... how, *some
days really make me hustle*. In fact, pretty
much the second half of twenty twenty two,
kept me busy, and dealing with unfortunate
events... It's definitely good when a lull, or

respite from the worrisome happenstance
arises, and I'd say that *then, the rest is
better*. In fact, now that I've somewhat
calmed down, from this morning's trip into
town, for my monthly check in, I'm resting
much better, at last. It's just that, it
sometimes seems like, '*Everything's all at
once*.' The past three days, have been a
time, as there was a terrible earthquake, on
the far side of the planet, and now, it
appears that more than twenty thousand
lives were lost. Those leaders, in those
lands have declared a three month state of
emergency, and there will be grim work to
do, for weeks and weeks to come. The

Japan earthquake and tsunami, in March of twenty eleven, by comparison *only caused two thousand deaths*. So, at any rate, I am conscious of how this could happen here, as our New Madrid fault line in our eastern region hasn't had a big quake in more than two hundred years, and it could produce a jolt type quake, given the gradual seismic movements, passed over two centuries.

You should see, how the risks for the brick and mortar structures are, and how that's a worry... every small or medium sized town has at least one... ten story apartment buildings are common... and, many schools and hospitals are constructed this way.

But, we definitely don't think that this will happen in our lifetimes... *we feel pretty safe and sound, most days...* there is a greater risk of tornados, where we are. At any rate. I'm definitely looking on the bright side, this morning, and I don't wish to be any doomsayer... in fact, we're fairly much looking forward to the Spring time ahead... and for what it's worth, here's my optimistic outlook. Our Mother Nature, aside from her pet peeves, at some of our irritating ways, *such as nicotine addiction,* we think, *is on our team, in the background...* and, for the most part, we would usually be glad to put Nature in the

foreground, more, as our love of our domesticated animals, is so well known.

The canines around this house, are all homeless strays, *but, they do afford us the comfort of knowing they are doing some semblance of 'keeping watch' over our yard.* They're not bad animals, just homeless. They're all so gentle. I would just say, though, how, with a glare that bad, at the threshold between the worlds above, and the worlds below, Nature's far from being a 'smile on the void,' but of course, *Nature really is all that bad, just lately, and worse, as we've all seen the earthquake devastation.* Twelve years ago,

we saw such a horrendous tornado outbreak, none of us will ever forget that either. *'The elements are no respecter's of persons.'* of course, this is the lesson... and, How quickly we get back to feeling comfortable, in the stability of the Earth under our feet... but many, today, would offer to differ. At any rate, I have been thinking, this year, of how many, many people are held up at the far end of the materialist paradigm, somewhat after alcoholic and narcotic usage, or habituation, after failed motherhood, or fatherhood, *after a wipe out, or intervention...* where they then spend

enormous spans of their life time,
*somewhat just 'hanging out,' and never
advancing, per se, any further.* This may
be because, for instance, their familiar
concerns feel that they must keep them
unenlightened, as to the true meaning and
importance of the spirit world, *which will
be, to the person, poorly understood... a
neglected latency like 'phenomenal ism,'*
which, those familiars may fear, might
would destroy the son or daughter's
autonomy, and take their liberty, if the 'veil
of ignorance' were lifted. The spirit world,
which they dabble in, part time, I think is
something more like an interactive taste, of

an much more immense becoming of human potentiality, which only a few can really see, and understand. Tools, like pens and paper... desks, notebooks, folders, and so forth, will be the heralds... and will form the entrance portals, into finding eventual on roads, and entry ways into both life's express ways, like computers, and smart devices... the catalysts of our society... and, or, concurrently downward, into simply finding what is in ones own heart and soul, artistically, or thematically, *and getting in touch with their nature powers, emotional world, and angelic higher powers, spirit principles, and*

subconscious archetypes, in an Earthly sense. A possible career path... as in, a work of literature, or music, which, as he or she finds perfection there of, then lets the person see digital appliances in a whole new light... (as in a path to finer desktop media production and publishing,) and it's so important to save anything you create, or find, idea wise... because time gets away... *if you don't save your work, you'll be sorry later.* If you're the kind who cultivates inner abilities, like a progressive relationship with a gradually unfolding skill, or talent, such as playing a musical instrument... then you'll be well familiar

with the true do odd... just yourself and
your teacher... those times when the
universe isn't of any matter... only the
dance between two souls is of any
importance, and of that which emanates
from there in. *This is the 'frosty morning
cosmos,' that certain place from whence all
else falls away... the sense of the slow
passage of time evaporates, and a true
Eternal Now is discovered.* In truth, we go
miles and miles of spiritual landscape,
before locating a place like unto this one...
these places of rare contentment, and bliss.
Sometimes, when, I think, so much time
goes 'under the bridge,' in only one day...

as in a bad natural disaster, such as the one
earlier this week... for most who were
affected, a kind of blurring, and a natural
opiating, and softening of the brutal natures
occurs, like a distant conversation, in the
distance, *which is slowly, gradually,*
working itself out, and finding its answers,
and conclusions, and the sweet things in
life grow sweeter, and the passage of
time... is simply imperceptible. So, maybe
we shouldn't cry for the fallen, just know
that the timely assistance is taking effect.
The nice thing, is to find, someone who
knows, '*God is truly good,*' and only allows
so much suffering, before happiness and

bliss, and peace fills the entire heart, once again. Well, writing this article has been therapeutic, and I've answered numerous of my questions to my satisfaction, and puzzled things out. I'll send this article along your way, now. Greg.

~

Writing is like a 'stepping out in faith,' with a posit, or supposition, or, can be as in a 'bold brush stroke,' an original beginning thought, or gesture. I guess, you can 'write

anything,' *but only if you're prepared to*
'walk it back,' or 'work it back,' unto
something more benign. As an example, I
would offer some thoughts on serving one's
Teacher or Guide. Well, I've found, from
some experience, how, staying in reverence
of, and in service of, and in proper
relationship unto, an 'Ascended Master,' is
hard to do. Why? Well, his or her
ministry, and dispensations, are a lot more
challenging, than an Earthly teacher... He
sees right inside your heart... no hiding.
Your thoughts will intersect, or inhabit a
higher orbit, in time space, (more Universal
list,) so obviously your Earthbound life

will be more challenged... *you might face contention... with your 'wagon hitched to a star,' so to speak, you'll take on enormous projects, and goals, when your Teacher, or Master is from the Heavens.* So, don't wonder why your work is so hard. He or she only wants the best for you. The best is hard to do. 'The best never rest.' If you do your best, and 'walk right,' you'll never anger him or her. But if your legacy, or legality becomes questionable, his or her treatments, and chastisement sometimes will be very strict, or harsh... *maybe this is where Robert A. Heinlein got the title of his book.* In my twenties I didn't know any

better... my stay shun was lower, my pain was much greater. *I kept asking for, and getting the 'short end of the stick.'* Many of us wonder, why we spend so much time 'getting our noses rubbed in it,' and these two factors might just be the reason. An Ascended Teacher, or Master is just one of the rarest kinds of spirit connection, to be given in all of the Earth, and, I've thought before, of how, the dancing Kokopelli, at the threshold between the worlds above, and the worlds below, inhabit this boundary, or border line, and, *this itself may be the source of the dark aspects of the world today... this junction, between*

spirit, and flesh, or embodied soul. What do you think? There's always a lot of change factors 'showing up,' at this third eye, or lens onto the world... otherwise known as one's 'hyper cortex,' where the spaces of our environmental matrix *are met by our conscious physical waking beings.* At any rate, these are some thoughts. And they are higher functioning thoughts, and as such tend to have great range, or reach. This may explain the feedback distortion one may commonly find, in managing this voice... *why feedback appears to come from all corners.* At any rate, I sit on this bed, and write these thoughts, now. Well,

through this writing, I've tried to list my most common symptoms, and think, and offer explanation as to what is behind these symptoms... *there's a good explanation for most any sigh kick phenomena, and it will usually be hiding in plain sight... so, I hope your questions are answered.* Well, it's an early Sunday morning in February, and I'm sitting and waiting for the time to begin getting my morning chores done, and get some breakfast. Later, and I have found a minute, to sit and write. In the Southeast, of our land, Sundays are quite special, and appear to be somewhat reserved for quiet reading, study, and contemplation. The

past week, has been enough to rattle anyone, with such a bad quake overseas. *But, here's the hope. Somewhere in that rubble, there's someone who is still alive, and breathing.* There really is a God the Father, who loves and supports and protects unconditionally... and I know, because of how, my own life was completely rescued from out of the wreck of my life, in two thousand and three... I had slashed myself, with a knife, and was fading fast. An Angel, had me to hop up, from where I had laid to die, and get to my telephone... which my Mom had made sure stayed connected... *and within nine or ten*

minutes, the paramedics arrived, and I passed out and went into shock, just as I opened the door for them. They had medicine to keep me from sinking further into shock, and I woke up somewhat later, seven or eight hours later, after some reconstructive surgery, and thus began my slow recovery. *But, that's the Power of God, no matter how you dress it up in secular humanism, or orthodoxy...* those trained medical professionals, and clean facilities, those practices, and know how to get most anyone through a bad shock. God is entirely behind science, if you ask me... the manifold, manifest will power, and

intelligence, the accumulated learning, and the standing upon the shoulders of giants, which has elevated our society, so far up past the animal istic, and the sensual...

that's God, there. And, you'll see, at our research hospitals, and schools, in our land, peoples from every ethnic background, and religious purr suasion learn medicine, and do the science, to continue the amazing advancement... *because the world's faiths can, for the most part, agree on the science of medicine.* All faiths can agree, on how 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness...' they each have their own unique ways of expressing this truth, though. Well, at any

rate, the God that saved my life, then, can save those people now, who are trapped in the rubble... and if the special, careful measures to uncover each victim are continued, then everyone will be found... many will be rescued, *and yes, you can be brought back, from death's embrace.* At any rate, I find a great deal of hope, in this way of thinking, and trust that the best will be done. Well, I have put my best into writing these first two articles, in this audiobook, part four, and I think, I will wrap this up, and integrate it with the others, and send it along your way, now.

All for now, Greg.

~

Well, it's a warm, cloudy, middle February evening, tonight, and we're listening to the thunder rolling over the land, coming from the due south, and west. *This is the kind of system that brings nourishing rain, for the spring crops to come, and staves off drought.* People get me going, sometimes... but, my heart's in the more or less positive values of jazz. If you're anything like myself, *you know the*

*importance of rain and clouds,
philosophically speaking, and in seeing the
glass as half full, rather than half empty...*

We want our team to have a thorough win,
*not just in superficial appearance. (The
gray skies still 'keep the fakes away...' they
don't spell doom, necessarily.)* I've been a
reader of self help literature for all of my
adult life, especially in the '*power of
positive thinking,*' type of philosophy. I
usually go in for esoteric, inspiring music,
which re affirms and confirms in my soul
the complexity, and awesome qualities, of
this present time in Earth's history, *which
is just so enormously advanced, when*

compared to the early part of the twentieth century. So, you should know, already, how I feel about things that I've no control over, like the weather, as I've written many times, about the surety, and knowledge, that comes with a heart that is intimately connected to higher, spiritual presences, in general, *and of the freedom from image attachments which this brings...* I've spoken of my initial ten year course, of self indoctrination, and of the quantum leap, in insight, so to speak, that was necessary, to get me out of my hermit lifestyle, *so that the Godly wisdom, of a much healthier life could germinate, and take root.* If it

weren't for the good group home type of life ways, in context with health department oversight, and in keeping with those standards, I just know I wouldn't have survived a year... *much less twenty years!* At any rate, we don't want to let the craziness of grown up culture affect our good outlooks, or healthy expectations, with regards to our day to day lives... we're all pretty familiar with it... when weather systems cross the land, usually, but not always from south west to north east, I sometimes get tripped over into thinking, that, '*This weather's going 'to get at us.*'

I've been through viral outbreaks before, as

well, back in two thousand and nine, I caught a bad case of the norovirus, which is going around, now... and it seemed, *and I practically believed, that it heralded a dark spiritual shift...* this type of infection gives a person the worst diarrhea symptoms, and vomiting, *practically, such that he or she thinks the time has changed...* and would you believe, I still can remember, how therapeutic practices, like journal ing, and creative writing, helped me through the years following my norovirus infection... I don't think, you can understand this virus, the sense of 'doom,' it tends to plunge your life into... until

you've caught it. Now, these days, I don't think that there is any underlying rift, in our land's 'nature relationship.' Our environmental protection agency has been so 'on task,' for years, and, in fact, we've become a world wide leader in green, sustainable industries... practically every product you purchase at the department stores has plainly stated on the package how its made in ecologically friendly factories, from sustainable, renewable materials... *and this is just a part of every product on the shelf.* Ecological consciousness is a big part of American life... industry, transportation industries,

shipping, farming, ranching... *you name it, the environmental protection agency is in it.* So, the point I'm making, is that, our weather, locally, or regionally, *isn't angry at us*, but rather should be seen as a joyful nourishment for the early crops, and for the soils... the two most vital parts of the cycles of growth, and re growth, I might would say, are sunlight, and moisture, along with soil nutrients, and so tonight's moisture is good, to say the least. At least, I've not been affected by the norovirus... my outlook is good... the political madness happening on the far side of the globe hasn't ruined my day, really, *but has taught*

me how happiness is in the heart, and in the well lived life, not something dependent upon the words or actions of a dictator overseas. I've somewhat come through the worry... life is good, again. At any rate, I am writing this article, so that I will better understand my higher spirits' will, and intentions, in my life... *and hopefully, to dispel the dubious doubts of weather insecurities.* Just so that we see, how rain, and sunshine, are both just as intrinsic as the land itself... we can't let the madness of twenty first century internet culture alter or ruin our views or perceptions about the four elements... most of us are fully in the

know, if the elements 'aren't cooperating,' right now, then the ball game might should be called off... I know, I wouldn't want to be out in a storm, and risk being struck by lightening. So, speaking for myself, I would stay inside. I think, the problem, with having a spatio spiritual consciousness, lies in the ways of how there is a strata, of this interior world, which includes lower phenomena, like emotions, and the animal kingdom, and which tends to be in a constant state of diss array, over environmental irritants, like talkative peers, or rude associates. *So, writing thoughts out, like this, really lets*

me see what's what... and, kind of, sort the wheat out from the chaffe, (at least in my view,) and quietens the inner emotions, of powerlessness, and worry, that my side of things, has been or might be overlooked.

At any rate, I've written, and been encouraged to write, since my early childhood, and many times I will be in a hectic kind of way, and just in avoidance, more or less, of those around me... and this is when this writing can be most useful... as it is now. *This is like the song, 'Contacting my Angel,' and works to completely soothe and reassure my fractious emotions.* Well, just some thoughts. I hope you're having a

good twenty twenty three, so far, and wish
to send along my best wishes, and
expectations of the good time to come. All
for now, Greg.

~

Here are a few of my recent thoughts.

This is the middle of February, this year,
and I'm grateful to have this writing
process... I enjoy bringing articles from
inception to completion, in a gradual way,
using this word processor software on my

smart device. I'm hoping, through this writing, to encapsulate any ideas which arise, across the entire day... *and somehow make sense of the time period presently.*

The past two days have been sunny and warmer, and so I have been able to get out in the back yard, here, and get some sun and warmth on my face. I'm listening to my loud speaker, and playing from my large 'amateur and independent' music collection. The birds are singing along, and we're thinking about it. At any rate, if you take, for example, the paragraph I've just written, above, and ask of yourself, '*Is there any artificial intelligence,*' which can

write like this?' I think, you'll find the answer to be no, right? Because, you can tell, the writer is based in a thinking, feeling, dreaming kind of consciousness... he reveals this to be true, throughout the paragraph, and apparently, he or she possesses, and incorporates, conscious self awareness. If I look back, at my childhood, well, sure maybe I had an outwardly good mind, same as most ten year olds do, *but there is something missing, for many, at that age... consciousness of, and a conscious relating of, the communion from which his or her thoughts arise.* I wrote numerous small essays, and pieces as a

young man, but the thing that was missing,
from them then, was a conscious
acknowledgment, of the reader's sentience,
and of the hypothetical invisible presences,
and that communion, from which his, and
his or her readers' attentiveness arises.

(The lands of the ancestors.) Our minds
are more or less intelligent, only when we
are able to acknowledge and relate of, and
unto, these invisible presences, proximally,
from within ourselves, and in our listener's,
or reader's minds, say, in a hypothetical
sense... not just in our fleshly divestitures...
like a paragraph, or line of writing. Sure,
you say, 'Thoughts don't really exist, in a

quantifiable sense, they're completely subjective.' 'Only the person him or herself is conscious of his thoughts, and of those nearby.' But, I might could suggest, that there's a common mind matrix, and an underlying fabric, within both the speaker, and his listener... *the knack, is in allowing, and acknowledging this inter connective fabric, while not imposing yourself upon your listener, or finding yourself imposed upon...* in other words, making sure you grant unto one another permission to have completely private thoughts, *as well as the hypothetical collective consciousness, or spirit consciousness, underlying you both.*

If you ask me, this is definitely the perilous part of human relationships in general, this fear of our boundaries being wrongly crossed. But, we, I think, have to acknowledge the underlying fabric, *while simultaneously expressing the freedom to possess a 'private,' mind sphere... a 'personal space,' which you and only you are conscious of.* Our language, though, gets smarter, maybe, as we acknowledge and participate in both a corporeal, and non corporeal communion, in any conversation, in general, and point out the ways these two may be interacting, in a creative manner, which definitely might be correct,

or honestly true, but which at any rate isn't proven, one way or another, but remains always 'hypothetical.' *You can see, then, how these thoughts wanted to be written, this afternoon... that's the only way, really, that my thoughts will get written... if they have this desire to be written.* Because our

thoughts are mostly second hand endowments, given of a proximal being who is willing, or so intentioned, as to share. We just *think* that they are 'our own.' But they are merely *signposts... facets, of a larger conversation.* I read somewhere online, last week, how other people will continue to exploit our five

senses, and take advantage of our patience, wasting our time, *relative to our insistence that our writing, music, and so forth is our own private equity... given for ourselves alone, to possess, or to market commercially.* What do you think? But, who owns the time? It's shared with others in your household, for instance, or your neighborhood... *so you see, how our society is based around the courtesy shown by self and others.* Maybe we should teach kids self consciousness, and from that, self control. If more of us knew how to 'be our own Mother,' we'd have a richer, more complex society... where

everyone has their own hobby, for instance... and hence relies less on the false approval of others, as in street drug and liquor culture. If we each recognized the true worth and potential in our own selves, and our free time, *think of the mountains we could surmount*. Here, my software was inn valuable... I started to write, 'think of the goals we could achieve,' *but the auto complete software on this smart device suggested 'mountains,' instead...* just amazing... like it had optically red the air reflections around my eyes, and ears... with the phone's front camera... or else had the metaphorical sense... *to see that that the*

term 'mountains' could be substituted for the plainer 'goals...' and suggested that choice. There's an epigenetic strata of human consciousness, where we work somewhat hand in hand with our ancestors, in not just literary and artistic avocations, but any sphere of adult living. It helps to have awareness of this, but the twenty year old young man which I was, I was completely outside of this epigenetic, or spiritual consciousness... instead relying completely upon liquor and inebriants for any introspection at all. *The psychedelics were, for me, as in many, my crude expression of my need for a richer*

connection with this spiritual plaine. They could have landed me in prison. At any rate, I sit here, tinkering on these ideas, and on a recent pen and ink portrait. Yesterday was the third Sunday in February, and the first holy day after all of the survivors had been pulled from the earthquake rubble, overseas. It was a long day... and was accompanied by some enormity of sorrow, but with ample proof, and promise of the hope of the new green growth to come, in the Springtime, just ahead. This should give you an idea, of how, most every day has a certain meaning, usually particular to itself, in the planetary sense, that is.

The angels in heaven have a meeting at the outset of each day, and discuss the provisions, and plans, and reinforce the latest policies, and priorities, which global consciousness necessarily entails. Well, at any rate, these have been some ideas... if you'll keep your word processor, and a keyboard nearby all day, each day, and write just whatever thoughts appear to come up, *you'll thank yourself later, as you find workable material, which can readily be implimented in a writing course, of most any kind.* Just some thoughts. Well, I'll wrap these ideas up, and pass them along to you, now. All for now, Greg.

~

When one sits at his or her notebook, or word processor, on a day like this one, many thoughts may arise. I would say, that my cognitive dissonance might be running a little high, on Monday... *but back to usual, by Wednesday, or Thursday.* So, each day is unique. Having a good hobby, which you love, can bring a constancy, even when you don't understand the time... your craft can be the constant. This is the

main reason I'm beginning this writing presently... *so that it can be my rock, amid the ever changing contextual appearances.*

I know my own voice, from a lifetime of effort... I know what I will say, and what I won't. So that's one thing I've got. At any rate, I'm always impressed with how, I'll think my writing is at a stand still... *one minute there will be a writers block, then my objective, for instance, will shift*

somewhat, and a new area opens out. I may wrongly make the assumption that my options are narrow, and limited... but then I will see, that that's completely incorrect.

At any rate, you should be able to see, the

abundance I've found in this, for example.

Well, it's a cool, temperate partly cloudy late February morning, and I sit inputting these thoughts here presently. I expect this writing time to continue for a day or two, and I am working incrementally... just in

returning at various times during the waking hours, *I'll see a new angle on some idea or facet which I didn't see before, and*

I will have something to add. There are many things that can be said about growing older... the blurred boundaries of sanity and wellness, as our bodies are affected by decay... when the ultimate mysteries of the universe might consist mainly in a 'keeping

up of appearances,' *getting older is a shared experience...* a lot like living along the coast... there is a greater risk of storms, and inn un dation. My sources tell me, also that getting older is a lot like climate change... in which several societal phenomena appear to be happening... such as in our dominant generations' aging process... not only the slowly shifting sentiments about our physical and mental health, as we collectively and individually enter the second half of our lives, and the increasingly unsympathetic attitudes of the youth towards our aging population (myths of un sexiness or uselessness, or inn

competence) but also coming into a modern day methodology for keeping the natural world off of our backs... *figuratively and literally*... the more sustainable we can make our industries, the more renewable our energy sources are, *and the more fuss we make about the scarcity of natural resources, and habitats, the longer our societies' life expectancy will tend to be, or so it's believed*... and the more that the natural world *will respect mankind's sovereignty, and the less bad sickness and insanity will afflict us, in general*. So, but getting older is great... when wisdom only comes with time and experience, the older

have got it all on the youth, except of course, the youth. *But our society values wisdom, just as it does youth.* And, speaking for myself, the value I place on my artist's path, getting older has been such a refinement of both my abilities... and the sophistication in my end results is greater, than it was in my youth... *and my confidence in my own good ability to accomplish good art has matured.* Well, just some thoughts. You may be somewhat mired in self doubting, and your hope is dimming. *but it might be at this time that help is on the way.* Always keep looking... for there aren't endings, only

beginnings. At any rate, just some thoughts. It's after dark, now, this first day's writing nearing completion. My inner aspect, in other words, my heart yoga, tonight is like, *I'm a 'flatlander...' as in Edwin Abbott's nineteenth century novel.*

I'm seen from edge on... just a right face, and a left face... no volumetrics, to speak of. This is where the goldfish eyelids idea comes from. But, at any rate, this picture seems to reflect our brain physiology... *the gap, or crevasse down the middle... and as being where my consciousness is centered.*

At any rate, when one's mind is liberated, so to speak, from the materialist paradigm,

by the gentle nature spirits, otherwise known as ones familiar signifi can sees... this 'inner aspect,' or 'heart yoga,' becomes so very much good literary material... you see, here, we're not talking about our incarnate associations, like your husband, or your wife, or car, or your boat, *but we're poet eye sizing about the body temple, itself... from the inside perspective... not really referencing outwardly.* Here, hunger, or fullness might be very important qualities. *Feelings, spoken of as being like colors... cobalt, or bright green, or sunny yellow seem a lot more real, in this inner reality, than the music they pertain to.*

Inside this inner dreamscape, we will want to *'fill the belly, toughen the bones, and ascend into one's rightful standing.'* Does this sound like a Buddhist notion? That's right, it is. Another one is the concept of Wu Wei, or learning to incorporate non doing into any action. *The non doing part includes examining the problem, getting the right answers ready, and applying the fixative only as led by subtlest inner directive.* You will want to have learned to listen closely for this inner directorate, *and to be able to distinguish it from the background noises, in your mind and senses.* This isn't really something to

acquire overnight, but after years of entraining of the single pointed focus, *and learning to listen passively, and non judgmentally.* The inner impetus, or the inner will will be the voice that is larger, and at a higher station, than your mortal physical will will be. Wait for it, it will appear. *But most people with mental health issues will be possessed of a 'fierce lone lie ness,' and must have the company of others.* Well, just some thoughts. In the decade of my twenties I was something of an Orientalist, but as I aged into my thirties and forties, I gradually became informed and educated about Western Theosophy...

so to me this is my philosophical home ground... *the oldest religion... pre dating all others.* At any rate, as a youth, I was given a lot of introduction to the craft type avocations, in general, so I'll be a lot more inclined to take refuge in these, and work externally, like that. I was thinking, lately, about the 'avoidance,' and 'aversion' types of mental illness. *If you don't want a certain topic to come up... well, then, it definitely will, with certainty.* But, if you do want a certain thing to come up, wishing and hoping... *then, almost with surety, it won't ever come up.* You can somewhat test this in a randomization of your

personal artistic sketches. The only ones which seem to be coming up, over, and over, *will be the ones, which in your estimate, are the least quality work.*

Correspondingly, if you sketch a new work, and you think it's among your best, this piece definitely won't ever come up... you'll wait an eternity, still no show, on that piece. Well, what do you think? I think, the lesson, in this observation, is in that there is a misunderstanding, of sorts at the hearts of some of us, pertaining to this.

Are we paranoid delusional? Or just neurotic? *Is there something we wish to avoid?* Well, among my bracket, or, among

those being in the second half of our life,
for sure, you can probably see, how,
despite the occasional lame thoughts like
this, '*God is greater than any problem I
might ever have,*' or *you wouldn't still be
around.* Its just that no one wants to loose
their good beliefs. Or have their good
work called unfit, or unworthy. *This God
concept is enormous... the Christian
philosophy is, I think, based around
physiological, structural constants in the
human, bi pedal sense.* Similarly, another
idea, is how, to me, Christianity, is a
mixture, of both tranquil, placid waters,
and turbulent, stormy, even disturbed

behavior. *So, I think this is mainly why I tend to walk an 'inter faith,' type of path... I think, my mind is, even after a century or more of time having passed, still so impressed by the great Theosophical works, which came around that time period. These are 'inter faith.'* (Equally, *I'm impressed by the herculean war effort, which was necessary to put down the menace of Nazism... both sides of the coin, were so very important... each depended upon the other.*) Still, today, the Theosophy format definitely consists in having at least one expert in each of the world's main faiths. *These are medium*

istic, but knowledge able writers... they're not Messiahs, or Savors, of course... but, through their channeled ministry, they, in my view will really emulate , and distill, and exemplify, the 'true spirit,' of Christ... the True Religion, or at least the twentieth century equivalent. It only stands to reason, that twenty first century mediums follow suit, and continue the tradition, in living the Christ like life, within limits, and in being such 'annointed' writers. You always know, how there will be, among the movers, and doers, the silent minority... who just aren't in consciousness of spiritual intelligence around and within

themselves... but who will, eventually enter into this. *They're the future initiates, who are becoming their individual best.* Isn't the better parts of our voices directed to them?

Well, just some thoughts. I can well remember, as a child, wishing to be somewhat Christ like... *His words stood out, clearly, in the New Testament sense...* these, I figured were a pretty good model. If you emulate Him, then, I thought, you'll have the proverbial 'right stuff.' All I knew to do, back then, was read everything I could get my hands upon. And, I tried to listen to my teachers. *But, I made mistakes and pretty much failed at my work, (I had*

substance abuse issues,) until I was allowed to get by myself, and let spiritual forces work, in my life, I couldn't advance.

That meant getting clean, too, and approaching life from the basic sense, of a monk. *But, the spiritual enlightenment I received, also set the figurative thorn in my side... but only for five years.* I was allowed into the graceful communion, then, and was productive. But I had to be brought into a group home family... and here I've been ever since. Well, these are some thoughts. I hope they've blessed you, in your own path. Well, all for now, Greg.

~

I was listening to a radio call in program, yesterday. The show's topic, that evening was the afterlife. There was this one caller, who was so wise, in spirit, and simply so enlightened. He suggested some thoughts on what happens when a person passes away. We know, we have some given facts about the Universe. *The Universe is infinite... not finite, but infinite, in scale.* The Creator, he

suggested, is an infinite, intimate, loving Father, or Mother, who only wishes for the all around best, for their child. So, the Universe, being infinite, has an infinite number, *not a finite number, but just a vast number, of habitable Earth like planets, with bi pedal human like inhabitants...* so, the caller surmised, that, the Father sees to it, that his or her child, is reborn, into just the right incarnate life, which is just perfectly suited, for the specific, or more generalized needs, which your past life's experiences suggest... in other words, death is usually a phenomenon of reincarnation... and it's guided by infinite, divine love, and

gentleness, to meet the person's unique needs, for a new incarnation. The caller suggested, also, that maybe some souls aren't reincarnated, instead get to reside in a blissful, highly spiritual plaine, without many cares at all. I just thought, that it was so enlightening, to think of the Universe, as being infinite in scale, *and so, for instance, this intelligent reincarnation plan somewhat completely meets our human needs*, for, for instance, love, affection, and the soothing human touch... in a distant world, where there's a life plan, for this, just waiting to be born into. Not a holographic, existence, but a real and

actual existence... *you see, that's just how big the Universe is, and how vast are the possibilities.* At any rate, this concept was so elevating, I myself was turned around three hundred and sixty degrees, just hearing that one caller, and hearing his interactions with the host. And, it affected me so much, I just had to tell of it. So I'm writing this piece presently. At any rate, I sometimes see visions, and am impressed enough to then speak of it. What do you think? Well, it's after dinner this dreary, chilly Friday evening in late February, this year, and I sit inputting these thoughts into this word processor, and thinking of

possible directions to take this writing into.

Here's something... *let's count our blessings.* We're all warm and dry indoors... our bellies are full... we've no pressing concerns... *We're just mainly free, to digest our food, and think about a good night's sleep to come.* And, me... I'm gradually developing this article... and there's no set plan, or path... *only to heed the new anced still small voice,* in setting this course, for the times to come. At any rate, there are only a few things to definitely take care of... *meals, medicines, chores, and hygeine.* I just know, I won't be needing any extra attention, that's for

sure, other than a reader or two. The trouble with being human, really, is in our mind's vulnerability... *from this, we should think twice about our carnivorous diet.* At

any rate, it is bed time, here, and I am jotting down a few ideas, before turning in.

If you ever wonder where it is that these ideas flow from, I think a lot of my material *is simply drawn from life, the usual rhythms, and settings, which otherwise go unmentioned.* I'm quite sure that I'll fall asleep quickly tonight, as I've certainly no other ambitions. But saving these thoughts will somewhat help me remember the time. It's the next morning,

and I'm continuing in a journalistic fashion,

just taking note of the 'unspoken

vernacular.' We are definitely grateful for

this simple miracle... a peaceful night's

sleep, is nothing to take for granted. Well,

a little thought jazz, maybe, will get me

along into this day. If you want a glimpse

into just what an outside person, who

doesn't know my work, would pick up, I

think my 'Esoteric Piano' soundscape

would be an obvious choice. In this, you

can hear a fairly plain, but melodic set of

designs... I would definitely recommend it.

It's like a small book of designs, which

scrolls along... requiring no effort on the

*reader's part... like show furred drive
along a country road.* There's nothing to
dislike, or disagree with... all is pleasant
and mellow. A nice view into a future
heaven! Today should be partly sunny, and
warm for February. I'm looking forward to
getting outside and enjoying it. But first
things first. The early morning, before
breakfast, is a good time to think, and get a
few thoughts down on paper. In tie dee ing
up, and doing my morning sweeping and
dusting, I'll definitely say, *it's taken me
thirty years, but the good principles of
organization and inner harmony have
finally let me get my nest, my personal*

space, in order... Maybe it's a shift in the love and attention I show my own self... that's what they say, we should 'love and cherish ourselves.' as our first priority... but, life throws us obstacles, and we're sometimes left putting troubles ahead of our own self. *Aging, can bring you back to yourself.* These days, the worst problem I'll have, much is the awful pressures, and shear forces that come sometimes in making original art. So, you see, some weeks are something like a tizzy, but, if I'm patient, and steadfast, I'll get through it. You see, an earthquake like the one they had, almost three weeks in the past, is just

such a grave humanitarian disaster... whole cities, wiped out... reduced to rubble. But the worst was along the fault line itself, I think. *It's just that, most people haven't thought much, what it's like cleaning up a collapsed high rise.* In recent memory, the condominium that collapsed down in south Florida, was so traumatic, I don't think I'll ever forget. *But what those people went through was exponentially worse? I think my brain doesn't compute that well.* But, at any rate, just some thoughts.

Of course, you might could draw a comparison... your car wreck, or the cancer surgery you came through... I'll say, also

that, for the ten year old kid I was, *my loss of innocence sent me and my sweet little life plummeting into pill usage...* I was never to be the same, or fully recover those childhood ways. Well, I guess I'm looking to forgive myself, or atone, *for what my eyes have seen... every one, I think, does this in their own way.* Well, I guess I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the others. All for now. Greg.

~

AS I SIT, NOW, TO TRY SOME
WRITING, TO START THIS new part
five, in my twenty twenty three audio book,
today, *I'm impressed with how well I've
been resting, the past week or so.* I think,
having gotten the central crisis of the year,
maybe of the whole decade, behind
ourselves... the bad earthquake, overseas...
we can grieve for the fallen, knowing the
worst is probably behind. But we won't be
encumbered, at least not now, by an
enormous un manifest seismic disturbance,
underneath our feet, or ahead of us in time.
We're on the 'down hill side' of the

mountain, as far as I can see, and I for one am glad, and relieved, that the worst of the suffering is behind us, at least temporarily.

We've looked at the trouble, from every angle, and now we have to move along. I

only hope, that we on this side of the Atlantic can see such as a wake up call, and make the necessary safety revisions *so as to make our lives here in the Americas as worry free as possible.* **Because we know,**

natural disasters are no respecter of place, persons, status, health, or wealth...

all these lines are crossed, when a bad event happens. At any rate, such is life in the real world. Another New Year is here,

and it has had its share of natural disasters already. But, getting along, into this writing, I would say, for myself, *I feel better, more of the time, this year, than any time last year.* So, at least I've got that. I

have often thought to myself, how our perceptions, and sentiments about a time, tend to shape our experience of that time.

If I believe a thing to be good, then, for myself, at least, it is good. And, I tend to be like a noble gas... I keep to myself, and

take refuge most commonly in my own good work, rather than immersing myself in the ideas of others. Commercial

television viewing is kept to a minimum,

mainly because I find most tee vee programming to be like intravenous morphine... and, with such frequent and beautiful sponsor messages. But, that's not to say, that such isn't a fair counter balance to my own work, when viewed occasionally, or in moderation. But, I still value the pure readers' experience... just using my imagination, more, and in following a line of text, down the page, through an entire article, or book... this just feels so much more satisfying, to myself... especially, when I engage my imagination, as we do when reading. And, it's the same with my musical tastes. I would usually

rather listen to instrumental music, of the sort, where the listener is led through an entire album, just following a solo musical instrument... *And, with the sparseness of an esoteric music, given of a good balance of silence, and sound, together, and that artistry, I won't easily tire of overproduction, or of excessive busyness.* I have rested a week or so, since completing my previous, part four, of this audio book... so I am reminded, again, of the incremental, gradual method, of building of a page of writing... after a time away from this craft, I tend to somewhat expect a whole article of writing to just instantly

manifest, and I forget the slow, gradual way in which I most often tend to compose thoughts... just a thought here, a thought there, and with time in between; this is a tried and true methodology... especially as I suspend my judging, and judgments, and *trust my process, that an entire work will eventually come together.* In following the inner structures, of the ascended mind, and spirit presences, which are on high, we'll see so much further, then, when we peruse such divestitures, later... for we'll see as God sees. By placing ones inner person, so to speak, (your visual center of imaginative will,) near one's inner heart, *you can*

smooth out, and clear the jumbled perspectives, and topsy turvey dimensionality, of any given day, within an more unified inner vision light. This is the trick to understanding inner dancing, and such as any inner ongoing, which requires focus, and makes the whole self to feel so much better. At any rate, I sit and write, this first Monday evening in March, this year. I sat outside in the sunshine a good bit, today, and there have been frogs chorusing in the adjoining pastures at night. I know what I will say here, having fallen right asleep... *Each day presents its own unique enigma... knowing this, it's easier to get going now.*

But, being so grateful for the good rest, I
can go slow, and incrementally, as
previously related. This encompassing
society is so good... those about usually say
just what I'm thinking... often before I have
even found the words to say it. *So, this
culture is good to me, on the whole... that's
for sure.* Expressing gratitude comes
easily. Sometimes the easiest way to begin
an article of writing, or a paragraph, is in
the using of some familiar jazzy figures, to
get the ball rolling. This might be
something so simple as saying, just
whatever is in your mind, presently, like, a
song lyric, such as, *'Stay, a little longer.'*

You can see, from this, how it's going to be your job, as writer, to paraphrase in the right direction, and not 'tread on anyone's slippers, or carefully cultivated garden.'

Does this read right? Does it make sense?

Does it have feeling? *It makes sense, to credit my device's auto complete, for the last part, because it 'might have feeling.'*

Isn't that amazing? Well, it's a new morning, here, and I'm grateful to just feel good, *and feel complete.* My music sounds so good, that it's its own destiny, and origin. *This smart device is too.* Last night's full moon, was the last one of winter, and we are glad for that. We're

expecting rainy and cooling, for the second part of the week, then sunny again, and more rain for weeks end, Sunday. Sunny into the first part of next week. At any rate, I've recently gotten my 'Greg at the Piano,' videos in public. I like this a lot, because it gives people a mental picture, to go with my playing, *and my nature videos are less like, a 'phantom at the piano,' and they now have more structure, and definition... my musical persona is a lot more definite, with these videos.*

It's like your smart device, or tablet, in that it's its own destination, and origin, simultaneously... and I'm grateful to be in

on the wonder... extremely grateful, and I will tell you. Well, I seem to have reached the conclusion of this writing, and I'll wrap it up, and place it with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

When I get around to putting some ideas onto my empty page, on any given morning, it will usually be as a kind of resistance to the flow, or as an asserting of my self, against the currents of negativity...

and in starting in a positive direction, in a concerted manner, onto the page.

Sometimes, I just have good ideas, and feel like I should get them on paper, while I'm in the living years. A mind, just like yours, has solvent powers... if you're presented with a scene, say a family household, and asked to offer useful ideas, your eyesight, I think, and visual cortex, quickly spots all of the local affairs... capers, intrigues, involvements... agreements and disagreements... good presences, and otherwise... becoming always into something better, or getting right, for the good or the bad, and just all of the human

concerns. You might not be conscious of this spatio spiritual faculty, but your higher consciousness is. *I think, our subconscious minds are always learning, and gleaning insight... through the secret symbol language of the soul.* This will be an anthro procentric picture, of course. I would just say, like others have, how, 'We humans, have to be our absolute smartest, at any time. But, *our 'dinner might be disagreeing with us'* This, I think is something like the crucible of the human predicament... this relationship, man with nature. We humans, in many ways, have taken on enormous powers, since the

middle of the twentieth century, and with these comes great responsibilities. Our 'power' makes our ego and pride more, but anyone who's ever found themselves outside of God's will, of His or Her love, and Grace, will definitely know what so many have found, how, *God's in control...*

not me, or you, except as we're given control, through living right. This is really something to know, and understand. My job might require me to pay close attention.. or my job might require me to pay dues... *this latter one tends to be like this writing... going forward and putting your best ideas on the page, despite the*

rain, and not in a boastful sense, but in a helping one. The truth of it is, that, sometimes things go as planned, but, some days are harder. Although nine hundred and ninety nine percent of the people will be on the right course, there will be the one, which the Good Shepherd must go back for. *This will be the first responder, or the Marine sergeant, this Good Shepherd, I mean.* We're based on righteous principles, in our land. At any rate. I would say, that I've seen three sides of life, in my time... the childhood innocence, the loss of innocence, and the successful integration of them both, into a

workable adult avocation. You have both types... courteous house mates, and discourteous. *You generally have to tolerate them both, because I can't make you conform to my expectations.* We at this house do have unspoken rules of conduct, and courtesy, but no one can enforce them, if someone doesn't want to go by them...

only a manager, or administrator can compel. I just decided years ago not to let the problems and pressures of grown up society drive me crazy... *instead, getting outside in the natural environment, and communing.* This writing is my meditation, and the problems of others shouldn't

distract me from this surety, this
goodness... *it's all in there*. There's
nothing quite like an inexpensive portable
electronic appliance, which does exactly
what it is supposed to do, when you want it
to. *An optical playback device is a thing of
elegance and beauty, when it's working for
you*. There are so many things that can be
said about our modern consumer society...

I'm glad to live today... when most
electronic products do what they're
supposed to do... even inexpensive ones.
I'm amazed, almost daily, at the brilliancy
and genius of most of the amateur, and
independent music, and video artists I've

come across in the last twenty years... if you've got an internet connection, then you've got a lot of free media. *I myself paid a lot of dues, in my twenties and thirties... but, not much output.* But I've been prolific across my forties and fifties, though... and, the work has been difficult... the walking hard... not easy. But you'd never know it to read over my writing, or music and video. It's made to look effortless. *But it's not.* Linguistic agreements are hard to hammer out... *it might be only one of every three takes, at the piano, that is worth saving.* Most sketches are failures, and these are usually

discarded. See? This work is difficult... the times, are, well, okay. Medicine and technology advances have given so many second chances at life. But, the cost of living here is high right now, inflation has impacted everyone. Concerns about world security have gotten everyone's attention. Our suburban areas and neighborhoods are not where you want to find assault weapons, and ammunition... yet some young men find that possessing them, and handling them, gives them a sense of power. It's false, you know. *Why not, replace these with literary goals, instead, and the love and pursuit of solving the*

*puzzles and mysteries of our time? Why not pursue the love of esoteric and aesthetic beauty? Why not seek the truths contained within the classics of Western literature? Artistic goals? Can't we help young boys by showing them strong artistic role modeling? Peaceful arts, and well being and happiness? **Connecting 'Peace,' as an ideal, in with 'Well being' and 'Happiness,' as the measures of a Man.***

This was and still is my way... and I haven't left it. Sometimes tempers flare, and it helps a lot to know firm limits... behavioral boundaries. At any rate. Some people... are constantly needing attention... *just*

compare that to the complete contentment of a successful arts path, and the studies this brings. There's almost no comparison, *I've been them both.* I used to walk around my college town neighborhood sipping red wine from a large fountain drink cup... I'd swoop in on friends apartments looking for someone to talk to. I'd interrupt their rest.

I was just hanging out. *Back in my hometown, I'd always show up when my friends were getting off from work... I had to have a drink, to ease my pain, and to talk to someone, and they had both.* And then, around my age twenty six, spiritual changes made me want to be alone, and to

think more seriously about my God given mind, and talents. But I self medicated in private, only, I began writing in earnest.

When, at last, I hit rock bottom, I woke up in the hospital... my pain had been cleared.

I began a full time creative life, and still today. When I'm awed at the vastness of

Man's creation, I then consider God's handiwork... *a sparrow or bluebird sees and knows of us so much more than he or she may show... than we may know...* our lives, many of us, are told of everywhere...

upon ourselves is the mantle of linguistic fluency, of creativity... of leadership. ***'Just how many individual lives do you touch***

daily? Can you know? I do tell myself that there is solid Earth beneath our feet, and that really the challenge of life is in finding this place, and in affirming it.' This

paragraph was borrowed from my 'Plateaus,' from my 'Book of Tav Kerr,' and I feel it sums up, this post earthquake time.

And with the warring ways of some, even simple, humble paths seem darker. But we try and compromise. I've for years found solace in this working out of my thoughts, externally. So my own peace of mind will

suffice. *Its not at all dependent on the words or actions of a lunatic dictator.* Well, I guess I'll wrap this writing up, and add it

in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

As I arise from bed, this morning, I can see, that the quality of starting some writing, is greater than the quality of not writing. So, I express these thoughts, here now. When one's mind is unnecessarily turbulent, if his or her relationship is good, he'll be able to quieten it... to calm it down. This is a priceless understanding, and goes

a long way, towards keeping my peace, and well being. Years ago, having made the discovery, of, '*I am much more, than my transient thoughts, and fleeting emotions,*' there aren't many things that can get at me, or my established ways. So I can rest in this establishment, and approach each day objectively, and see the clear way.

Yesterday's writing referenced a passage from an earlier period in time... I've written this way more than once, in both the first, and second decade of the new century. So, this is a norm, for me... not anything serious, in any way. *Those early pieces were so very eloquent, I'm relieved to quote*

from them, as the sentiments they express are so worthwhile, and timeless. Saving thoughts, in this manner, is a real Godsend, for me, and has been, on hundreds of occasions in the past. At any rate, I sit and write. Today is Thursday, and our temperatures are expected to be in the low sixties, and rainy... Sunny weather returning Friday and Saturday. Good writing, like this, is easy to take for granted. It's always been something of an extension of myself, my life, and offers support in countless ways. The man I am today knows to take assistance from this inner source... and, not to squander, my

own laten sees. When my '*dinner is disagreeing with myself,*' I would much rather just get the necessary functions behind ourselves... *you know, meals, medicines, chores, and hi jean.* The space locally around myself has been difficult, and tempestuous, since my cancer diagnosis in twenty seventeen. It's as if the old Devil backed out of our agreement... *a good long range life outlook, you see, is a much harder assignment, than a shortened life span, and there are always dues to pay, or so it seems.* There are so many thoughts in my head, this morning... It's good to know there's '*no love lost,*' in an argument,

and so no new grief, to speak of. So long as my own ego doesn't get too big, self satisfied, or unwieldy. At any rate, in the scheme of things, not much brings me as much joy as my morning Coca-Cola... just don't overdo the sugar. We just came through an earthquake time, and now I'm fearing there might be another, elsewhere. There is sometimes trouble with seismic volcanism, when Earth's rotation and wobbling drives magma up through fissures toward the surface. These kinds of eruptions are sometimes cataclysmic. I'd sure dread anything like that. I just wonder, this morning, why I seem to be

hung up at my surface level... can't I see the wonderful worlds within... I've never seen a time, so forgetful of inner truth. Are some of us pretending to a peace we don't have? At least that's what it looks like, from my perspective. Maybe we are too critical of ourselves, and should lighten up... or back up. *I have a simple inventory of qualities I like, or relate to in people... letters, reading, and other hobbies... real love of music.* But the fun of arguing over trifles, this isn't for me, or I don't get it. But some do. Well, I have ideas, about the ways people should, and shouldn't behave... ideas about, 'what constitutes a worthwhile

endeavor, and what doesn't,' *but I suspect that my opinions and beliefs are all mine...*

all mine only... as there's no way that others around you are just going to have similar ideas... that would be a dubious assumption to make, not a given. I want to show gratitude, and not forgetfully ignore the miracle of our togetherness... *of how none of us are at risk of isolating...*

because we eat our meals together three times a day. We've been placed together to make the best of things, as they are.

Gratitude, for you, might mean, also, making use of your good talents, and abilities... using the good tools and

instruments you possess, and multiplying your good fortune. But, a person that has never known this way, might not see this small, easy to overlook part of our humanity. Gratitude is an important part of our make up. We should remember this so that we don't, like ghosts, forget the immense importance of togetherness... negative critical thinking patterns are always to be avoided... replace these with positive affirmations, of mutual respect. Through this attitude, of thanksgiving, and gratitude we can get through any setback. Another problem occurs, when we take other peoples mental illness symptoms

personally... with myself so ready to blame,
and criticize, some weeks, I might could
make use of a good group therapy session...

you see, *but when the person you blame
has no time for therapeutic council ing, (or
says they don't,) they only confirm you in
your false beliefs about them.* This then is

frustrating, as you then feel that nothing
can be done, and then resign yourself, to

being tolerant. Tolerance is really the
answer, and there aren't any quick fixes...

old ways, will be old ways... so you might
as well get used to it. At any rate, these are
a few of the ideas which I've been mulling
over this morning. I seem to be at a stand

still, so I'll try adding what I've got in with the others, and producing my audio book.

Thought I'd pick up here, a little later in the day... It was pleasant to have such a

nice evening meal... easy to take for granted, *but irreplaceable*. Now that I think of it, everything we love is this way. Here's an idea... *why don't we just accentuate the positive...* of course we

hope the various bad news stories improve, *because our time is worth more than that...* I think this is a perfect example of a 'well deserved rest,' *as so many creative goals in my life have*

come through... I can see, my work these days puts my immature years to shame, if I could only have glimpsed the enjoyment I'd have these days... I'll always find some time, when I can read, or work on a creative goal, at my own pace... even if times were dark, and forbidden, anyone will apply their talent and engine newity to building, for instance, better shelter, or a warmer bed... *but times aren't like that, and we have these amazing digital devices, and internet.* **Everyone here is well.**
There's nothing I'd rather be doing,

than this writing. I'd rather be, than not be doing this. At any rate, I myself had, earlier this afternoon, found 'proof of the quantum potential,' *in the form of a mental thought, I had, which appeared to have been core robber ated, somewhat by the person I had telepathically sent the thought to.* Isn't this amazing? This involved an impartial third party, which passed the information on to me, not knowing I had had the telepathy, an hour earlier. I just am really impressed with this new cee dee optical data player I bought for

myself last Christmas... once I bought some fresh ree chargable batteries for it, it spins like a top. It doesn't like old worn out batteries, much, though. At any rate, I find my early audio work, seems to fit sometimes, when the stories we read are bad... nothing else says, 'sub cultural treat,' like this bluesy music... it lets you completely bypass the daft ness of a happy go lucky sound... *I imagine it*

being on an endless tape loop throughout the entire Universe, and me, knowing I made the music! Oh well, I hope something makes you glad, too. A

local radio station used to have a Nietzsche quote, something like, '*A life without music would be a mistake.*' He

lived during the period when the phonograph player was first invented.

This invention changed a lot in our philosophical views on life... suddenly,

you could play, and replay as many times as you wanted, the same audio recording... this itself pointed unto the *existential ground*, as being the place, where any subtle nuanced distinctions

and differences between one day's listening and another's would show up...

since the recording stays the same, theoretically, we could keep precise tabs on shades of difference in our perception in listening back to that sound. This was something like a revolution in philosophy. *Any sound passes through the matrix of the air, and so picks up any nuanced distinctions of difference, from one listen to the next. A*

kind of sigh kick work bench, or platform, for studying the time period itself. At any rate, I just thought you might like to read about this. Well, I guess, I'll wrap this up, and bring this

writing to a close. All for now, Greg.

~

A younger person asked me, *'Why should you have 'inner focus?'*" After a person's lived long enough, *in the range of eighteen thousand days, (or, fifty years,)* he or she will have conclusively narrowed down, unto things with 'good' qualities, and things with 'bad' qualities. In other words, he or she will then know, generally, what makes him happy... And what doesn't. *What feels*

good, and what doesn't. Maybe, he notices for instance, his 'roaming point,' of focus, within himself, is something like, a smaller version of himself, or herself. By placing this 'miniature me,' at one's center of being, and then, from this smaller, inner perspective, kind of '*shimmying*,' your right shoulder, and then, your left shoulder, like you were a cross country skier, going up a hill, you'll see, a definite lessening of the linguistic, *neuro visuo migraine pressure*, upon the sides of your face, and head, and neck, especially easing the pains having to do with your language, and speech faculty. You might say, 'Well, what is this kind of

jive, all of these made up visuo neuro musculature isometrics?' 'What is the point, of twiddling your thumbs, for instance?' Well, wait a minute, I didn't say this was like twiddling your thumbs. This is much more like a form of aerobic, isometric dancing, especially this shimmying of your shoulders, and, as if you were a climber, reaching first with your right, then your left shoulder. And, this writing, itself is a kind of channeling and allowing of cognitive light through your mind eye hand loop or circuit. *A spirit's way of giving me a hand up, somewhat to a higher cognitive plaine.* If

you're not at the '*spirit conscious*' level, of course you won't know what I'm talking about. And, this is all a lot easier said than done... the pursuit, I think, of the 'etheric light,' and this working inwardly, at the subtle visuo neuro spatial fields, in your life, is not written in any book, that I know of. *But, by the time you're my age, around mid fifties, you'll know, what constitutes good meditation, and what doesn't, per say.* This path, maybe, starts at the workbench, so to speak, with a phonograph, and artist's table, or writers desk... and, as we get into years and years of thought and reflection... you'll find, such can be a book shelf, full of

original works, or an expansive artistic portfolio. I think, what I'm trying to say, is, being in pursuit of 'inner etheric eyesight,' is not so bad, really... it certainly constitutes eight tenths of ones waking life... so I don't know really, any reason such can't be spoken of, outwardly... *I think, you'll just find this kind of perspective, is relational, foremost, to the artistic or literary expression, it's in the process of becoming.* **Again, the inner, etheric light, is relational to the artwork or media it's in the process of becoming.**

I think, that the presence, of thought, around etheric, or inner light, suggests that

the person might be on an artistic, or literary path, or from a psychologists point of view, somewhere along the path of individuation... with an definite artistic focus. It's just that it's sometimes easy to doubt one's own sanity, by placing nit picking prejudices on some little thing you might have spoken... this writing program, as it is, leads me to question and analyze everything about myself... *when most people would say you should probably lighten up, and take it easier on your self.* See? I might have just spotted your own negative critical thinking patterns... so there. At any rate, I've got these ideas, and

I'll see what others there may be nearby.

Today's temperatures are cool, middle
fifties, and our skies are hay zee.

Tomorrow we're expecting rain... one
hundred percent chance. But sunshine
returns Monday through Thursday, and
gradually warmer. Rain by next weekend.

Today's Saturday, and God is good for us...

I'm working on this writing, and expect
more to come through soon. This is an
example of the incremental style of writing,
but it reminds me a lot of my slow, lang
widd piano improvising style, just going
wherever it leads. Music is a nice
metaphor, the way my compositions usually

find a comfortable resolution, back to their beginning chord. Well, it's almost our lunch time. I usually don't say, 'I will eat this, but not that,' I just tend to eat more if I'm more hungry. Sometimes I eat everything that's served. But this is uncommon. I hope, my reader or listener can see their way through to these simple ideas. I'm expecting this coming week to be peaceful and productive, as everything, today seems to be in its 'regular groove,' there's no havoc, and no trauma. I guess most days are like this, but so frequently, I'm impressed with a certain feeling, like I was, just recently, imagining a 'forbidden

time...' or a scene from a dark movie,
where people have to huddle around
bonfires, in the woods... and think, more
seriously about, say their next meal,
survival, or of finding a place to sleep,
where the elements won't reach them.
Harrowing visions, like this, in real life,
point to some specific societal issue... I
think, like the presence, somewhere, of a
distinct instability. This is what played
out, overseas yesterday... I think the vision
was the spirit worlds way of letting me
know, of such trouble... and, sure enough,
that's what we saw, on television, last
night. Life, I think, is interspersed with

hints like this... if we know how to read them... *it's as if the spirit world, has a certain omniscience, and often sees things, from just ahead, and just has no real way of telling, us of such, other than through such hints.* In particular, if I notice something unusual, or particular, about a dream, then that's often the spirits' way of pointing that one thing out for me... it sometimes means there's more trouble, along that same topic. At any rate, recently, at the end of part two, of this twenty twenty three audiobook, spirit plainly foretold, of the earthquake, which unfolded the next day... we should take

note, and learn... when one of the things about this type of doo odd, is in how hard it is to tell a person, of something unmanifest... *he or she would tell you, if she thought you would believe, but, how would this be done?* Metaphor, and analogy, are two of the best ways, she or he would try and communicate... or through relating, or retelling a story from the past, in a new light... as it were a new way to see the same thing. Well, at any rate, I think we should develop our sigh kick abilities, and teach through our words, *how any noncorporal to corporal relationship can reveal much, from an*

ascended teacher, or guide, if the mortal knows how to listen. Another way of seeing it is, 'If a person notices any one certain idea, or detail, from a dream, or from out of the mists of time, he or she should definitely sit up and take notice.' *In living, I think we should pray, we'll be 'tolerant, no matter the evil.'* This simple notion, itself, might be the meaning of life. As I begin this article, to finish out my part five, in this twenty twenty three audio book, *I'm going to try and find something better to think about, than my troubles.* This is the best way, I know, to be tolerant, like this. The more I have lived, in this life, *the more*

I find this little truism, to be completely relevant, and more so, the older I get. And, if you are younger, and you're bothered by the bewildering migraines, just remember this simple thing... about how, time is the best teacher, and nature, the best healer. Especially as you consider, just how very many many days we will have lived, by about age fifty, or so... how anyone, even a slow, or simple person, will eventually, having gone around enough times, garner the insights, necessary to deal with bad migraines... I know, I have... and while this will not be any one simple 'thing,' or technique alone, there will be several

categories of types of visualizations, from which you will be able to select, the one that fits the specific migraine. Through this, understanding of the main neuro muscular groups, involved in your migraines, and in being familiar with the '*dimensions of your physical and etheric body,*' and the '*colors of your soul,*' after enough simple practice time, you'll eventually gain some mastery, and flexibility, and begin to be able to adapt, quickly. This is the best way, I know to put it. At any rate, these are just some ideas.

Our weather is cloudy, and chilly, with temperatures expected into the mid thirties

tonight, this second Sunday in March, this year. I sit collecting my thoughts, and pondering. So, you're talking about gaining some control, despite your migraines... maybe there's a part of this process, of learning, *where you realize, and acknowledge, that some of these forces are simply bigger than you, or me, and despite your familiarity with them, God is still in control...* some migraines will be so baffling that you or me, neither one, will have control over them. Some migraines will always beat me, no matter how inflated my ego has become. *When you've been through this, recently, you'll know this to*

be true. We get reminders sometimes. At
any rate, you'll find this mystery
sometimes... *and this alone will work
wonders for your spirit guide relationship.*

Togetherness is precious... especially
considering our smallness in relation to the
Universe. So, don't forget it. I think,
maybe, the lesson shown by those sorts of
migraines, as spoken of above, is how, it's
as simple as being hit in the head with a
hammer... if a bad earthquake happened
here, for instance, well, all of the neuro
muscular iso metric exercises in the world,
won't completely protect me... *because the
shaking, in such events is violent... and*

brick houses are reduced to a pile of rubble. And, there is slight earthquake risk, here... we've been told, for years of the New Madrid fault line, which hasn't had a bad quake in two hundred years. At

any rate, we here in the south eastern united states have always lived with the risk of tornados... I guess this explains why things are a little crazier, down here... these

inland twisters aren't really found anywhere else on the planet, at least not as

bad as we get them. *So, it's a kind of 'shared experience,' to say the least. So, the occasional occurrence of migraines which are 'bigger than we are,' isn't very*

surprising. I guess, that, living in this world, *we might as well resign ourselves to the occasional presence of Mystery supreme, beyond what we might know of empirically...* we know our human experience, in this universe, or multiverse, is something that, by its very nature, is at least partly obscured, by its own becoming. At the heart of the billowing of space, over time, and amid this infinite expansion, *is an irreducible try une, of natures, which we either walk in step with, or else fall by the wayside.* We look to reinforce our lives with the most stable structures... triangles, and pyramids are the best. I think that all

religious faiths have language which points
unto this trinity, and Christianity is no
exception... the triangle, or the pyramid is
the most basic, stable, irreducible shape in
geometry... certainly the pyramid
monuments of antiquity may have been
intended to carry a sarcophagus from
ancient days, into the modern days. *It's
just that, we've observation ally found, that
our consumption, if excessive, sets nature
against us.* Hence this great need for
stability. The concept of belief in Nature,
with a capital 'N', is an old one, and most
of the Asian belief systems have reverence
for Nature, and Nature's ways, as central,

with our Human as Her most developed
flowering... *the Universe somewhat only
through ourselves, capable of Awakening
and looking upon its own self...* this being
modern day science... math, physics,
medicine, and technology, to name a few.
As I arise from an outdoor chair to go back
into the house, I happen to notice the cows
on the hillside, and see, they look happy...
most pleased, with the grass, and sunshine
coming through on their backs, warming
them up. We humans occasionally make
sense, and, then our attention span being
short, we soon return to our ways. *But it's
nice when light shines through.* It's just not

that often, that this happens. *Usually it's 'I, me, mine,' and, more like, 'I've got mine. Where's yours?'* Well, I'll finish this article up, and add it in with the others. All for now, Greg.

~

As I settle in for an unseasonably chilly night, this evening, I'm thinking about my bedding, and marveling at the way March sometimes supprises people, with unexpected cold snaps, and snow. It's been

something of a contrary week, thus far,
especially if you start at Sunday, *because*
my migraine that day was impossible,
ahead of the nor easter. Figures.

As times go, ours recently have been
somewhat mixed. But I hope, through this
writing, to shine a small light, whether this
helps you or not. Because my ideas are so
good. Possessed of an intrinsic duality, of
spiritual pairing, *such tends to produce*
ideas, if only from within the ordinary
passages of days and nights... into weeks
and months. Having this software, for this
smart device, is really the human potential
catalyst... I know so many would love to

have some of this purpose. At any rate, it works well enough for me. Here's a glimpse into just how my thought processes go, sometimes. I'm listening to my optical data player, while I'm inputting these thoughts, and gaze ing at some video clips on my dee vee dee player through its you ess be port. *This is pure Elysium, and I hope everyone enjoys their technology as much as I do, mine.* The afternoon sunshine warmed our end of this house, and it stays that way a while. We were a little wrong about Spring being here already. This writing presently will finish out my latest part five of this audio book. We are

greatly excited about the rites of Spring,
they just aren't tonight. Yesterday the
birds came close... a sparrow, right almost
to my shoe... so I could tell she's in good
spirits, we are too. But, at the same time,
we've seen enough... global consciousness
is such extraordinary pressure, sometimes.
*I was just reading, about what is thought of
as 'super dense quadrants,' which some
people have, built into their body, like, and
how these people can tend to be like 'calm
centers,' amid the storms of life. And, don't
we need these Etherians? And the glimpses
into the Beyond they afford? It is, at least,
a portion of good philosophy. Most*

popular science, leads us to think of 'group dynamics,' and 'space,' as being populated by little green men. This is very real to some of the Oriental cultures... *Japan, in particular, with its animistic religion, Shinto*, as well as the Native peoples of the Americas... African, Polynesian, Aboriginal... all of these groups have reverence for nature spirits, and, importantly the ancestors. We should all listen, and hear. You're free to do what you want to do. You want to live your life. You want to be strategic, and stay 'in the loop.' *I hope you find your peace*. Just some thoughts. This writing is what

constitutes my peace... the thoughts which come, along the way are the signposts of a much larger becoming. *So I write them down, and thereby walk in step with 'Cosmon man,' the Man in the stars, who is on the next level up, from here.* This is my personal belief, on this. I hope that this writing presently suffices to finish out my latest part five, in this twenty twenty three audiobook. Ideas are coming slowly and incrementally, but they are coming. I sit outside now, *allowing the sunshine to get in and around my eyes, nose, and mouth.*

This is the best way I know, other than physical exercise, to put the devil on the

run. Our weather is chilly today, but sunny. Tomorrow, Wednesday, might be a bit warmer, with Thursday being our warmest for a time... some chilly temperatures still ahead, apparently, but the forecasting is conservative. If I stop, for a minute, and look out across this yard, I can see, all of the privet and deciduous trees, except the oak, and the other hardwood trees, are in various stages of budding out, already cast in several shades of luminous pale green. Spring is trying to sneak in under my nose. Well, our lunch time is just ahead, and I'm quite glad... I'm hungry. I hope you're doing well, and that we all can

see our way over and across the hill and dale, as we make our ways, and that our days and months and years will continue being profitable, *whatever our individual goals or aims may be*. Today is the third Wednesday in March, this year, and the morning is cold, in the middle twenties, and sunshine is forecast. Should warm a bit over the day. I'll see if I can sit in the sun, later... that's usually the high point, of most any day. But, for the time being, this writing will do. *At any rate, it's the source of my joy*. But while I'm doing this, I'm somewhat wrestling with ghosts. What I'd say, is that there's a constant struggle,

between the 'haves,' and the 'have nots.'

You've seen this countless times before...

any new development is hard, and is usually resisted. *I'd go so far as to place*

such resistance in with the two or three

basic forces that govern the writers

world... if you're taking steps 'forward,'

there will be forces pushing you back. And,

any given morning, there will be a central enigma, a grievous regret. To me, the best

antidote to this will be a good reading of

your favorite music, or literature. There

will be forces, against your life goals, that are trying to rip someone off, anyone, and

you'll suffice for this, just as good as

anyone else on the street will. So, the idea, is to learn your way around the subtle neuro visuo isometric inner migraine management yoga. So, this is what I've done, *and I'll tell you, most of the time, this is all a migraine requires.* Think about this... your migraine wants you to solve it, because by solving your pain, you'll also be solving his or hers... and pain free living is always the goal. *(Not through narcotics, or opiates, or inebriants, but wholistically.)*

At any rate, this is often what living a writers life entails, or encompasses... this might could be called self responsible micro management... without it, you'll walk

around sore so often. Well, I guess I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the others. All for now. Greg.

~

AS I SIT, THIS EVENING, TO ponder over which direction to take this audio book into now, I'm thinking over the many, many blessings, which we here have, *on this eve of the Spring Equinox, tomorrow.*

Our area is going through what will probably be our last Winter's cold snap,

this year. This means, our temperatures are into the low twenties, tonight, the upper twenties, tomorrow night, and gradually warmer, after that. It's been a restful weekend, for myself, especially after I finished production and publication of my own latest Illustration overview video. So glad to have this work down... it definitely frees me up, now, to think of some directions for this writing, and, as I said, to count my blessings. This room, thankfully, is warm tonight... we here couldn't ask for any better climate control, right now. The older I get, the more grateful I become, for this path in writing... *as some days take a*

*bit of a toll on my mind, nothing really, can
sort it out, like can this brainstorming,
around my written word, like this. I
definitely look to the heavens, for any
sustenance I might ever find... as the
ordinary flow, on most any day for myself,
involves my getting ensnared in the most
difficult migraines, and then, at last seeing
a way, sitting with my word processor, or
notebook, and contacting my Angel, who
knows just the way, for most any time
period, I might find myself within. Such is
the regular rhythm, in my life... so, it is
definitely from within a place of gratitude,
that I am most able to make this*

connection. You certainly can't bring the endless snares, and pitfalls of the usual mindless ongoing... or the competitive, often adversarial ways of the daily routine, in this type of home environment, with you, when you make a good connection, with someone in Heaven. *In fact, the communion which this affords is the culmination of only the good which this mortal existence can be.* So, here and right now, is where and when I want to be... nowhere else can hold me, at all. One, then, is always returning unto this blessed communion... *and always shy of the ways of men, and women on the Earthly plaine...*

there won't be much which can really tie me in the fleshly affairs, *when the goal is always this communion on High*. It's an easy thing to do, to allow the entanglements on this level to drown out the promises of the Celestial realm...

failure and loss are so common... disappointment haunts so many, whose faith is in people, rather than the lasting treasures of Heaven. Or so it appears to me. When the nonsense and emptiness of the ways of an idiot, are compared to the sane and unwavering focus of an angel, there won't be any more doubt, in your mind as to what is real, and what is not.

You've seen the light already... *past this land of confusion, and its constant trouble.*

At any rate, such is something like a salvation... a life preserver, thrown from a sinking boat. It's six fifteen the following morning, and it's very cold outside... nineteen degrees. But the sun is shining, and I for one feel better, on the inside, this morning, than I have in a while. I think that I've been allowed back into the good graces... I sure hope it lasts. Well, this is good, but I've learned that you can't very well look upon the world with rose colored glasses... *life here somewhat means being realistic...* while it's all right to receive the

good blessings of friendship, and
togetherness... and to know the meaning of
'there's strength in numbers,' *the natures of
our information society bring news of
every thing that any normal morning
contains... good, and bad... usually, we're
given bad news, somewhat before we're
ever told of the good.* You just about can't
have a day, in our land, without having
certain troubles, *and we always learn of
problems, whether we're told sooner or
later.* At any rate, I sit this morning and
write. I'm greatly looking forward to
finding some time to play and record the
piano... this connection on the Heavenly

plaine likes nothing better than to be given full expressive freedom, on a musical instrument... *and piano is what I do.* I'll see if later this week will suffice for this pursuit. *But, just tolerating mine own and other people's mental illness symptoms is all I have time for at the moment... I'll think about the extra blessings later.* I think, my main love, artistically, is in my graphic design and sketching ability. My Dad said something, about, how '*I like things I can see,*' and that just about covers visual art. I love music and video recordings, too, just they lack the immediacy of a sketch or drawing on paper,

or a photographic print... which is precisely what it appears to be. At any rate, I sit listening to a piano soundscape, which I wouldn't want to give up, either... simply delightful, and I would love to share a copy with you. This thought occurred to myself... some people will hear a pastor's message on Sunday morning, and be drawn to learn of biblical truth, *and to somehow reveal in some deeper way, the 'hidden key,' in their life...* still another will hear the pastor, and, instead of resonating with his learned wisdom, and command over truth, be drawn instead into telepathic communion with his ancestors and past

history. Why is this so? Some people will be captivated by the dances of the devchaic, or celestial plaine... *and ther of being 'mostly afraid,' and modern society will be for them largely inaccessible...* a teasing woman, in a television commercial... *drawing the person near, yet promising only pain.* But, our society is a highly functioning technocratic one... the schizophrenic component, the mental patients, and Holy men, are few in number... fewer than you think, I think. If the schizophrenic strata of our society is everyone... then we have a very advanced, highly functioning society, indeed. I

myself think, that people have relentlessly asked of one another, 'Do you know the way to Sham baala?' in genuine curiosity and wonder... *as spiritual principles are experienced in a whole other way, when there's a 'direct experience, of spiritual realities.'* At any rate, just like the quest for the Holy Grail, from which the Chosen one drank, the Philosopher's stone, or the legendary gold made from lead... *any good solvents, or social institutions, suffice as well.* We have the U.S. Patent system... whatever your government can make work... for the common good, well that's good, isn't it? So, I think that in speaking

of 'inventors,' *many many are there, who talk with the 'space brothers,' and who make enterprise work... in a hare brained manner...* these must be a sizable number, but staying healthy is hard, in our human society... liquor advertisers and the allure of mind drugs, or psychedelics, which appear at a point, *have dragged many down, many to prison... statistics, and graveyards everywhere* contain the majority of the 'innovators' and for every one maverick who lives to maturity, there are many who are felled by the contrary ways of life. *So, the spiritual 'rich man,' the animisim exponent, may be kept closely,*

*under diagnosis of a doctor in a hospital
or group home procurement, mostly. Such
is life... its ways. (It appears, now that our
time this morning, has shifted slightly, and
soon I'll probably read of the trouble.)*

That probably explains my morning
tumult... it was too much, in the psychic
sense.. Well, this about sums up my writing
of this morning. I'll send it along your way
now. Greg.

~

Well, this morning, the third Tuesday in March, this year, I am feeling better, our warmer weather is returning, and hopefully *we're done with another winter.* Rainy weather is returning, too, but at least we'll be warm. *I'm hoping, with this essay, to somewhat continue to roll start this new part six, and to move it further along.* As an extension of myself, having this to work on along the way, offers definite reinforcement to my patterns. The sunshine is beginning to spill into our yard from over the tops of trees to the South and East... we're expecting the temperature to

reach sixty or better. Rain is forecast for tomorrow. *Having some thoughts on this smart device's word processor really gives unto my day a focus of ongoing...* allowing myself into a quality of experience, which is nothing short of Heavenly communion. So, and this by itself *makes the week's pain seem less...* add the blessing of having something to show for it... and my heart is full filled. I saw a story, yesterday, encouraging people *to make their writing 'a spiritual practice.'* This is exactly what I believe in. I was given a book, as a twenty eight or nine year old, which was titled, 'The Zen of Writing.' This book

helped my own writing to find its self, at a time in my life when I was so open to good ideas. *Nowadays when I write, I will just have to acknowledge the presences closely about myself, which are doing the main work of my writing.* I was writing yesterday about this 'communion with my Angels,' or with the relationships 'on high,' which is such a Higher power, and source of peace, in my life. Most people will take these presences for granted... they simply overlook these precious relationships, *and instead try to boast of the accomplishment as their own work.* Not, that I don't have a name, because I do, but the writing I am

given through this way is a form of prayer,
and one's angelic higher powers, *especially*
what is thought of as being 'the Beloved,'
do shape so much, and so therefore are
revered, and adored, by the writer... not to
be ignored, but venerated, and celebrated.
This is why we should allow our writing to
be a spiritual practice... *and always to*
return in surrender and gratitude. Another
thing about this way, is the slow, patient
watchfulness *which just pays attention to*
the change quanta, which are 'in view,' and
awaits guidance from above. In this way, a
writer allows each piece to 'write itself,'
while he keeps to inaction and non doing,

and doesn't interfere in what good Spirit is trying to do through him or herself. If one's goal is passing the time productively, and beneficially, then this spirit can begin to work in his or her life. 'At a point, in one's life, he or she basically realizes, that his own perspective, and abilities *far out perform, and out pace, the very best that any negative accusers, or nay sayers can throw against himself...* it is at this point, that his competitive natures really show, and come through. As a creator, and a builder, he or she, at a point, will be in possession of intellectual property of immense value, and worth. *This equity*

then is seen to easily shine forth, much more than the rude stasis, and negativity, of those whom would only criticize.' This

thinking, is an example of the somewhat precocious ways that some souls, will push back, when he or she is crowded, or is not given sufficient breathing room, or when the negative criticism gets too dense... he

or she simply lashes out verbally, or in writing. Then, one has 'ventilated,' and can

then get along, into his experience, relieved, then, and satisfied that his voice has been heard. *Such can be seen, as one*

of the many sociological re courses, possessed by a one, who has seen many

*many types of the sigh kick phenomena,
and knows exactly what the 'narrow
strait,' or 'gauntlet' signifies and who
wants only to get past it.* So, for those who
fall into those snares, and who are caught
up in that negativity, you might would do
good, to make a break, and to begin anew,
with your own heartfelt truths. At any rate,
I sit and write. I take what nourishment I
am afforded. The afternoon sunshine feels
so good, on my face, as it begins to sink in
the west, that I'm tempted to stay outdoors
too long, and get sunburn. But, at last, I
am replenished, and return back inside. At
any rate, these are some thoughts this

evening. I myself, have been shown this one thing: to return, in gratitude, unto the spiritual guidance, which knows to use the free time and resources which he or she definitely has, to make the improvements in his or her life, which he wishes to make... *and not spend precious time, in resentment and blaming, or criticizing of the 'powers that be' around his life... and, instead try to focus on 'What can I alone, or in my family, do to improve our own account?'* in these times of such degradation, and denigrating, when the immortal soul is callously disregarded in foolish thoughtlessness... *when human*

potential and precious willpower and gumption is turned in upon itself, or ridiculed as unclean, or unprincipled? At any rate, times like these sure make a person return, and retreat, into his or her study corner, for instance... where thoughts and imaginings can be sorted out, and seen from one another. Well, I have my own, and, would love to share... as I sustained loss, and was disabled in my mid teens and twenties, I've had time plenty to be grateful and find my 'spiritual bookshelf,' only wish for yourself some of the same. Plus my low cost electronics keep my mind in a reader's mode... life is fulfillment, when

*you are your own Mother, and show
yourself patience and nurture ance... this
is such truth.* Well, all for now. I'll send
this along your way now. Greg.

~

We here have just finished up lunch, and
this afternoon outdoors is sunny and hot...
with our temperatures expected to be nearly
eighty... *this is our first real spring day.* I
spend a few minutes to begin a new essay,
here, and see if there are any thoughts just

beneath the surfaces of my mind. *The next day*, and I'm thinking of how loyal, and gentle, the homeless canines are, around this house... I started thinking, last night, and considered how, canines, along with domesticated cats, and horses appear to bridge the distance, between wild animals, and humans. *Dogs, especially, I think, do so much that is genuinely beneficial...* I thought I would write about it. Firstly, dogs bring a little bit of nature's ways, into our lives. *They show us how, having a pride, and a nobility, and sense of honor, are part of nature's ways... an honest dignity, that refuses to act disgracefully.*

Dogs especially, are demonstrably conscious of the spirit world. *They help us to see ourselves, as truly being in Gods image... so therefore, seeing this, we should act accordingly.* Dogs are known for acts of heroism, and bravery. Service dogs, especially, can guide a vision impaired person across a busy street... the police dogs, the kay nines, can quickly sniff out contraband, like drugs, or explosives... *which is arguably as beneficial an ability, as you could think.* It has even been said, that dogs collectively impart unto humankind some of its very best natures, *including reverence for the*

natural world, and dignity. Without canines, just think of how we might have turned out. At any rate, if you see a dog who is injured, or hungry, or sick, you should always try to help... he or she would definitely help you, if he saw a way how he could. *But, most dogs are content,* mainly if you'll just show them a little respect, and attention, and if you'll just learn and glean what you can, of the vast, sometimes incomprehensible ways of nature... *which only just begins to lower her vale, after extensive first hand experience, and after consciously resolving to 'see the unseeable,' such is of such great Mystery,*

*and her Caravan snakes its way through
the mind and life of the Devotee, and
throughout the universe. Never forget this
Truth. At any rate... just a few ideas. I am
glad, now that this writing presently meets
my good expectations, for this new chapter
six. I continue moving my mind along,
now, to see what in writing develops.
Sitting in the outdoors shed, I can see up
through the open door, at a cerulean, or
pale blue sky, with immense white billows.*

Tonight our weather is expected to be
storming rain, with high wind gusts likely,
especially in the early morning tomorrow.

The gardener needs the rain. Sunny and

warm weather will prevail for the next two days. At any rate, tomorrow is another fine Saturday. I sometimes get visions of a better way... a better world, *and am led upon the jaunty linguistic path unto expressing them, in literature.* Sometimes, some of us have persistent migraines, which can lead us into bad behavior... such as chronic negative critical thinking patterns... *these thoughts can be sorted out, when we learn to access the artistic in ourselves.* There are exercises which 'spirit favors,' *when you know what these exercises are, you can begin to work with occasional negative karma, which*

sometimes winds up getting expressed as negative critical thinking or behavioral patterns. There are three methods which come to mind, at first, and they work the same way, *allowing one to peer within one's own heart and mind, or to express a set vision.* **Stream of consciousness**

writing, is usually the easiest way to figure out what is in the heart, as well as the subconscious and local unconscious collective mind. Through a kind of patience and inward looking, we can learn to self examine and select from the sigh kick sounds in our conscious waking mind, experimentally writing notes, around these

inner signs, as you discover them.

Allowing time to pass, an hour or two later,

then returning to see what other writing

might develop, *progressively and in an*

intelligent manner, as you will. Another

uses **sound waves**, which you can **express**

as music, using your voice or an

instrument, and record, or record from

nearby environmental sources, and

assemble as sound collages. This

especially is easy with computers, and

inexpensive audio sampling devices. Still a

third way involves **sketching, or working**

artistically in visual media, onto any

prepared physical surface like art board, or

stretched canvas, or through using computers through a stylus onto your screen. *The stylus can be varied...* anything from a sharp pen tip, to paint brush, to spray brush, of various sizes. *Anything in the three dimensional sense, can become art, as well as when imaged digitally.* Applying stream of the consciousness techniques, you can learn to look deep into the mind, shining light into any unseen proximal presences, or phenomena... always learning, and gleaning insight from throughout any and all artistic processes. *Myself, I usually can tell, when a larger part of myself takes the*

reins, these will become the cherished expression, maybe more so, than the uninspired works. Why is this? Because the thoughts and visions which come higher access ionally **will originate from higher lands, and associations, inherently,** and will therefore be in possession of certain higher, non corporal or non physical information, **much of which could prove highly useful, unto those down here on Earth.** I've always seen this reasoning, and allowed it to guide myself... I could definitely say, that having experienced both inspired and empty uninspired writing, how, *with out the*

rhythmic inspiration and breathing in my lungs, I would soon cease to exist. The rhythmic inspiration, and respiration we people are sustained by is something a lot like the rhythmic patterns which science has revealed to be omnipresent throughout nature. Having written along these lines before, especially in the Earth Changes Musings from two thousand and eight. (See the 'Perspectives' essay.) Inertia and gravity are two basic forces which keep the planets and moons in our solar system in regular constant cycles... without them, we would fling apart into space. These cycles are arguably the patterns from which our

rhythmic breathing and heartbeat is delved.

At any rate, rhythm is at the heart of all matter, *the cyclic orbiting of negatively charged electrons, around the positively charged nucleus of the atom being central throughout all matter in the universe.* At any rate. This writing is coming along well enough, and it easily fills in the hobbyists perspective. I hope my reader enjoys it.

I've definitely written a lot this year already, and am mostly of a mind to rest and enjoy the fruits of this productive artistic relationship. At any rate, I am constantly reminded, of the greater world's troubles, and I know my higher mind and

spirit *has about seen too much, and getting rest, and repair, is foremost.* Well, I'll wrap this writing up and send it along your way now. All for now, Greg.

~

If I were a minister, I know that I'd speak reverently of the subconscious origins of our best inspiration... I would affirm that, *real happiness and peace is granted to us when are ready for it.* Empowerment

tools, like binary technology, are human potential catalysts. *A tool is only helpful to us as it is used mindfully.* Our six cognitive senses might could be thought of as second hand acquisitions... perception is infinite... *so we must live properly, or be continually duped by the powers that be.*

If I see a thing, incontrovertibly, (not until,) I'll then know the thing to be true, and I won't be shaken. *Etheric eyesight is given to some, and others not.* A man might not be conscious of his own mind, until a certain age... *but the same mind was within him, and was clear, all along.* At any rate. Well, the day is Sunday. The

southern half of our state is preparing for more bad weather... the north is clear. I'm sitting on my bed thinking of possible ideas, for getting this article along, listening to some of the conversations happening in the dining room, while we await our evening medicine. The worst of our weather is behind us... today's not expected to be too bad. *I'm looking forward to bed time, and the dreams that it will bring.* A new week is beginning tomorrow, and, according to our forecaster, we're looking forward to at least three mostly sunny days, this week. But now, gentle rain outside, as I climb into bed.

This has been a fairly restful weekend, although some of the news has somewhat cast a pallor over our West. There's just a small hope, as I see it, that the times will make a complete turn around... *this would really be something to celebrate.* Well, I've plugged at this article, and I can see, it's not wanting to budge much. The more I worry about some things, the worse then they appear to grow, in my mind. It is for this reason, that I am feeling more overwhelmed, at the end of today, than usual... some sleep will do me good, and so I put my head on my pillow, and reed myself to sleep. The next day, and I've

awoken early, to think about this writing,
and to prepare for the new day. My phone
audio player is gently twinkling in my ears.
The smell of frying bacon reaches my nose.
I'm just trying to give you an idea... of the
ordinary flowing around here, on a good,
average day. We're blessed, that's for sure.
Sometimes my experience will be narrower,
if the writing I'm creating is more
challenging... if the times dictate it be so.
*But this somewhat depends as well, upon
my spirit... my free will.* If I lack gumption
to even try, then I might be set back, and
won't be in the running... unless I can come
through for myself, later. So you can see

my thinking, here, because I have written it out thus. At any rate, a cloudy start, to this one, and skies gradually to clear. To be sure, there is nothing more restorative, *than in seeing the sweetness and gentleness of these local songbirds here, hopping around, and nibbling at the grass tops, around our yard in front of me.* It was as if Mother Nature came close, at the start of my day, and gently showed her affection *by hugging me sweetly, and then going on, after.* Our weather the previous two days, Saturday and Sunday, was quite merciless, as twenty five people were killed by a destructive tornado in the adjoining state.

If I had one wish, it wouldn't be for a ferrari or an island chateau... (that would create more problems than it would solve,)

only, this... *it would be so helpful if I would just stop worrying so much about other people's behavior, and mental illness symptoms.* We have a little lawn

space... a few trees... the spring breezes... our bellies are full... no one is sick... so everything else is good. Well these clouds are breaking up, sunshine is beaming down on our heads, so I'll get back inside. I'm starting to really be impressed with simply how hard this morning pain and trouble is, right now, to move along... but, such

certainly is nothing, compared to the loss of your loved ones, or property in a storm... precious dreams and heirlooms... all your hard work, down the drain. My life was dealt hardship, in two thousand and three... but, the years since have shown me... what I saved, from my old life, was enough to reassemble my dreams... **the break in my life was in a way necessary, to turn the old ways around, and base the new beginning on togetherness and family.**

For instance, scars aren't of any real consequence in a good group home family... being a trend setter, either, no matter. *'There's a lot of good, in being*

together,' to answer a contemporary question, about our digital lives, marriages included. In fact, as we all have good sense faculties, we can completely get our selves balanced, and orientated each day, which keeps our sanity on the up and up. *Of course this is a clean and sober home, so there's not much variance from the norm, generally.* The point being, having gotten off to myself, and gotten isolated at least twice in my past, I can definitely attest to the power of togetherness... in keeping our sobriety, for instance, and the checks and balances of our very sanity. So our system definitely works, our

togetherness, and families... if only, I would suggest, in the visual auditory spatial orientation we garner each day, with respects to our spirits, souls, and minds, and the other thinking, feeling beings in our immediate environment, *from week to week, month to month, year to year*. Well, I sit and write. You might would want to think, that our world of artistic, and music styles... especially music, can be seen in infinite number of ways... *in just as many ways as there are people born into the world*. You might seek out the poetry of some specific culture... country, or urban. *Folk poetry, is like the main way, that the*

tribe's legacy, and heritage is handed down, and commuted, to the youth... metaphor and symbol... archetypes are implemented into music, so as to illumine and reveal them in the minds of the deevotays. You might tend to listen for rhythmic, strummed acoustic guitars, you might would listen for the piano solos, and that expressiveness. You might, as I have, begin to get into the low end of the sonic spectrum, or as many do, look for the 'guilty pleasure,' in music, which you feel lets you forget about your own problems... or live vicariously, through another. *'Every generation's got its own disease.'* There

might be value, for yourself, in digital and analog synthesis, and the sheer variety of sounds and textures within such. Many people, really look for the plucked and strummed lutes, and dulcimers, banjos, and harps. You might favor acoustic music, over electrified sounds. You might need non tempo music, which is all flowing, and no percussion. You might like the wood wind instruments, the varieties of flutes... or the reed wind instruments, like the saxophone. You might like the bowed string instruments, like the electric or acoustic violin, or the chello. There are simply so many varieties of styles of

music, to choose from, you'll surely find your own way. I've found such a good way, for myself, to keep busy, and keep the slack out of my consciousness, from day to day...

in this writing software, on my phone. I

have an external blue tooth keyboard, which connects to my phone or tablet... so writing is easy, just a thought here, and a thought there, *gradually an essay comes*

together. Well, this present article, is starting to come together, and so I'll try and find a way to bring it to a good conclusion, this morning, and add it in with the others.

Well, all for now, Greg.

~

In approaching this new day, this last Thursday in March, of twenty twenty three, this morning, *I'm definitely prepared, now, to enter the stream, today, and get the first ideas down, as which arise.* I think, for myself, it's better, by far, to engage the day, in writing, or sketching, or some other craft exercise, than to remain idly critical of those around myself. For years I've thought of this, as an 'investing' of a small

quanta of my thoughts, as they develop,
into the larger worlds of the encompassing
thoughts of the day. As my hands feel
large, and competent, upon my wireless
keyboard, this morning, I'm fairly sure that
my mind has things to say, and is willing to
try, on my behalf. This is the benefit of
having these tools around myself, such as
smart appliances, and input devices... this
of allowing for the spirit of the builder, or
the grower, who knows the ways of how
expressions tend to develop themselves,
gradually, as they arise in the mind of the
developer, and onto his media. *Seeing my
spirit doing good, in this way, building up,*

from next to nothing, into something coherent and interesting, I inwardly thank myself for the good, restorative cup of black tea, which I started my day with, this morning. But, you see, this writing, this time, maybe, is hard... there are voices turning me away, from new development... saying how, you just can't win, these days, with negative events like we saw this past week. But still I try and keep up with the encompassing culture, growing and advancing incrementally. I'm just overly conscious of my own stereotypes, of poor people trying to improve themselves, in art or crafts... pursuing a new finished piece.

The sunshine is illuminating the new green leaves on the nearby trees, appearing to make them glow from within, *like glass teardrops in a window ornament, slowly turning and catching the light in innumerable small reflections.* I try to check in this way with my spirit, each morning, if I feel like it. After all, she's my better half. We're awaiting our administration lady to bring our van around, and take some of us to the dollar store in town, so we can stock up on our snacks and beverages, for another week. Well, at any rate, we here are enjoying the spring warmth and looking forward to

Easter. *I'm remembering to be economical, and to try and look for the common good.*

Later in the day, and I'm grateful to have some things I like, and am looking forward to a thermos of my coffee later. Dogs and people, now enjoying the late afternoon breezes... and I'm completely enjoying the light flowing of instrumental music in my ears, and looking forward to the rest ahead.

At any rate, among those who think, *or who have to think*, daily, there's nothing any more centering, and balancing, than in looking toward one's future, as something which is positively informed by not just what lies ahead, of us, spatially, or

metaphorically, *but also by what filters inward laterally, from both right and left...* these 'appa- ra- tures' of sorts which you want to allow to 'breathe,' *and not to accrue or accumulate stale airs... or spin offs, or reflections, from or of one's speech, or vision, or hearing.* So, with this said, it's through keeping these kind of spatial compass points closely in mind, that our minds remain free from negative karma, *and instead stay fixed, and focused on these, sort of, four directions of spatial orientation.* With such in mind, you'll find how your way is generally blessed, by the yoga of the heart, and how this suffices to

release the pent up tensions, and replace them with good openness, and harmony... *freely moving the stagnant airs on through, and opening the inner passage ways for good respiration.* With this 'opening,' of the inner blockages, and tensions, you'll be easily able to stare down the profoundly oh pake, or obscure. In the day's travelling, so to speak, don't forget the 'heart,' of one's self, and to relax any pain, associated with the center of ones being, and somewhat allow good ether to flow through, remembering both the forward portals, and the lateral aperatures, too, and as in breathing easily through passages,

completely return to ease and rest. It's really the pain, of etheric blockages that we tend to hold on to, thinking that, somehow it's just our lot in life, to feel, and experience. *But, instead of this grief,* why not just allow the passageways to breathe, and this, through relaxing the apparatuses both before you, and to either side. Seeing this simple path, you won't hold on to much pain, for very long... *for you will practice inner vision, and just move it on through.* Well, just some thoughts. I've worked this evening upon this literature, and now, feel rewarded, and relieved, that I've left the time, better for it. Having this equity, now,

I'll gladly tolerate whatever wickedness,
that might otherwise affect me. This is
something like knowing a better way, *and*
keeping unto it, through and through. This
which is shown is an example of one soul's
graceful and adept negotiating of both
above and below... *seamlessly balancing*
within and without. With an discrete kind
of inner guidance, like this, this guided
inner meditation, somewhat allowing the
blind to see, I'll probably be given to
practice patience, and mindfulness,
something like when dreaming, and not
really resting very well, but balancing
something precarious... as it tends to fly

apart... *nature might would have rathered I had practiced economy, and thrift than to have mindlessly blundered.* Well, just some thoughts. This has been a long, arduous day, and I've gotten this writing to show for it. So even anger and blackest negativity are of little effect... just glad for my bed, and tomorrow. There's something about one's language and speech faculty... we see through the lens of our language... *and, boy, do we see.* When, the heart appears to part into two, and we're allowed to walk along the middle line, between two opposite, yet complementary worlds... *mirror worlds... one real, the other in*

dream... then we finally can see, how both worlds can be extremely important... and mindfulness is the most important quality to remember. This is something you or me won't see every single day, maybe, *but God sees it constantly... situated, as He is, at the junction between the worlds above, and the worlds below.* When this effect shows up in our ordinary lives, *I think it allows for ourselves to be God, for a moment, and see as God sees, **and this importance, of mindfulness.*** At any rate. "I believe that there's an ordinary world, of commonplace phenomena, I somehow have to find."

These sentiments have echoed down the

corridors of time, as time and again the blinders have fallen away, *and the lost and enslaved souls have entered into knowledge.* But, when an older, knowledgeable person leaves the mortal world, he or she *merges with that Godhead, and begins to dwell 'on high.'* One in a mortal incarnation, such as myself, then can't very well speak directly upon, such Deity, and so walks in faith. *We then can receive these honest truths, through receptivity and patiently watching.* Well, these are a few thoughts, this morning. When a person doesn't wish to be a '*people pleaser,*' for instance, he'll tend to play and

stand for bluesy music and metal rock...

and then let that be as his or her

leadership... as a Dweller on the

Threshold. *But some of us, not being*

conscious of, or obedient unto the sonic

ground, in particular, instead try at all

times to 'do the right thing,' and to be of a practical use, and be of good service... this

will be the statesman, or, for instance, the

educator, who is simply dedicated to

teaching... *and showing forth basic truth,*

and leadership by example are the basic

attributes, thereof. Just some thoughts, this

first Monday morning in April, this year.

Our skies are overcast, and becoming

sunny as the day progresses. *"The heart is a hollow vessel, or passageway, through which the life giving aether circulates unrestricted."* This saying, to me, is the main guide unto meditations, concerned with harmonizing the mind, spirit, soul, and body. I believe that while harmonizing the self, within itself is good, and is of importance... *getting the self into symphony and step with the Universal, classical patterns and truths of its encompassing society is important, as well.*

The profane live side by side with the sacred... this is a part of the facts of life... it can't be changed, or undone... only

adapted unto. We should have seen the need to *'Be tolerant, no matter the evil.'* Because this is life... and it's a testing or proving ground, or a notebook. *'No one's going to ever give you a medal for all of the problems and grief you've seen,'* so, this is why we should always go 'around the clouds.' *At any rate.* Just some thoughts. When, at once, we find, how, *'there is solid ground, beneath the feet of all mankind,'* we'll then be over the perils and distortions of any given time. Well, all for now. I'll send this article along your way now.

Greg.

~

I was thinking, about how the damp, chilly air tonight, this first Monday evening in April, *only needs a good night's sleep, to soften its rude demeanor...* because the next two days here are expected to be sunny and warmer. I for one need this reprieve... winter has over stayed, yet again. At any rate, my thoughts around this time period are somewhat '*high and lonesome,*' and I wonder how the night's sleep will untie all of the tangles. The work I did today was

hard, but I hardly noticed any of my redoos... just getting the product there was enough. I've been thinking, lately about how my 'early works' recordings, especially from during my '*dynamic arc motif*' period, are something like the philosophical equivalent of a trupe of street acrobats... *so, most definitely not anything painful, or perverse, (none of the dark, hellish visions will do... the athletic brightness of my street acrobats, or circus performers, I think, can run with the tiger.)* In fact, the way I see it, any music with visual or graphical structural design elements is pretty cool, and this music is all done

within the visual spatial senses of balance,
and harmony, and an equal rendering of
positive and negative sonic spatial
elements. *So, I think, this music has done
more to liven up my music collection, than
many others.* What do you think? At any
rate, the more I've lived, the more I grow to
be critical of other people's behavioral
symptoms... *but I should practice
tolerance.* People will make you mad, but
people will make the difference, too. When
someone leaves the kettle on the stove too
long, after bedtime in a group home, the
fire alarm goes off. *It takes someone who
knows you, to vouchsafe... you didn't do it.*

At any rate, we're going to get back to sleep. Well, it's the next day, and I'm incrementally progressing, in this writing, moving along gradually. I've noted before, how there are jazzy linguistic methods for generating a flowing, onto a page... such as, a kind of '*tossing of a deck of cards into the air,*' and allowing them to fall back onto the table top, in haphazard fashion. This usually will generate new ideas, of new combinations of ideas, which can be useful in getting thought going. Poking around through the biography of a popular electric music star, who had died two years ago, I'm definitely enlightened, and entertained...

again I'm reminded how dense and difficult it is being a publishing musician... it can be extremely helpful to get a glimpse outside of my own dream, into someone else's entirely... this is a beautiful thing, this gift of a biography... I'll always thank my sister for giving it to me. It's true, if an artist's mind doesn't breathe, or in some way look past himself into the ordinary lives of others, *he or she will suffocate*. I enjoy reading my own piano records enormously, but my sometimes weak social side just can't think as flexibly enough to see outside my empty shell... too often I settle for an immature picture of the actual ways and

thoughts of others, *who might would have much insight they could share, if I would only look inside.* At any rate, 'the afterlife,'

I see as maybe being a kind of complex thing, requiring tact and nuance to keep up.

No one really knows for sure. *God's in charge of it.* I hope my reader can see, also, how those about a writer see so much more of him or her, than they might let on,

but I think your insecurities around your sanity, physical appearance, scars, and life

are mostly unfounded. Most days, everything in my world spins like a top, *and a complex person's mind, like my own, does just what it's supposed to do... just*

what's expected of me. But, pausing, I'm reflecting also, upon how bewildering the last two days have been... having gotten writing done, and added a crucial part to my new audio book, I think that this itself *was more stress upon my ego, upon my mind, than I might know, or can see.* I think that '*counting my blessings,*' is the all around best that I can share, or give, as it sure '*works for me.*' At any rate. But, there are those among us, in my land, who might be 'on the rocks,' legally, certainly an very public case is going through, this week, involving the ways having money and wealth might sometime predispose a person

to make certain mistakes, and can be so tricky. But, none of us here have legal troubles, at least none that I know of, *and are happy, and a fair retelling of the day, and current events picture is appropriate.*

But such a thing as an mentally unstable person *'ruining everyone's day...'* we've come to see this type of thing as one of the trade offs of the *'American scene,'* right now. Certainly we've all witnessed a lot across the past twenty five years or so, *and are more reluctant to use military might than we've ever been, I know than we were back in two thousand and two.* But, that's water under the bridge... I think, everyone

feels similarly, '*What a time it's been!*,' or
for myself, '*I just didn't do it... I'm on
giant's shoulders.*' Well, in conclusion of
this nice part six of my twenty twenty three
audio book, the previous year's writing,
most definitely was harder to make happen,
than this one... I think, I hurt... *really hurt,*
way more last year than this one... and,
things are much more, '*doing what they're
supposed to do,*' *these days.* The individual
roles, in my land, are different from time to
time... but, any given 'week day,' or
Monday through Friday, might involve
some focus... some work. It's part of living
here, and having a voice. So, more

gratitude, and willingness to approach the next part for myself is coming much easier. There's a better outlook. *Well, all for now,* I'll send this along your way now. Greg.

~

THIS WRITING IS BEGINNING MY NEW audiobook, part seven. I seem to be still wondering about part six, though, and I think I might have gone through a time portal this afternoon, *as well as developed some strong new multi media.* And, well,

that about describes my perspective. I'm hoping to remember gratitude... *We all could stand to remember some gratitude.* A

diver tease ment is a small musical or instrumental segment in an opera, but not really tied in to the story, meant mainly to showcase musical skill. My '*Aether Piano*' recording is like this, and is like a ghost story, unto itself. *Maybe, 'The ghost of Highchapel Manor linen closet.'* At any rate, I'm trying to get this audio book part

seven going. My mind is always impressed, by how my talent shows it's ability, when I set a goal, like as in this producing of an album of music. *Faith, I*

think, consists in knowing fully one's own capabilities. This allows for the smooth follow through, and completion. At any rate, the way I see it, our rational minds, powered by our consciousnesses, present for us a vast array of features from day to day. These, seen through the lenses of spirit, are so immensely meaningful, *and our own understanding grows and grows.* This effect tends to increase, when you've just launched an online project, like a musical album, or a new audio book chapter. Keeping a journal, in this manner, just jotting down thoughts here and there, your heart fills you in in any way she can.

Most days, at bedtime or so, I'm something of a *social end product*, of the days gains and losses... and the immin nancy of the times... *the new morning on the opposite side of the planet, for example, is just about as much stress, as I need.* This is why I usually collect my thoughts for a few minutes, before turning in. The dynamic at the juncture between the worlds above, and the worlds below is like a dentist's bright light, over an exam chair, and you're in the chair. *But it's bedtime.* So, there are a variety of ways to ease this tension. Listening to soothing, relaxing music is one of the best. But, not all music is this way,

and it will be necessary to carefully select. At the heart of myself, *everything I see is, well, kind of different shades of gray.* Free floating presences, however... the angels in the woodwork... are more closely attuned, I think, to a sort of inter galactic 'here and now,' so to speak... and, therefore tend to think collectively. *'If I could know the thoughts of God,'* Einstein once said, *'I then would be in on the scoop.'* When something goes wrong, my weak mind makes the assumption that 'I must have been the weakest link,' when, in truth, I've much knowledge, not just of the hidden realm, and those beings, but of many real

natural world ranges... craft techniques,
piano abilities, endless reeding, hiking and
camping in groups, as well... in the spring,
summer, autumn and winter... *knowing how
to get along with others.* The younger
person I was, then, knew full well that he
was ill informed... There's was an entire
scene of ongoing, just below his or her
field of awareness. It just wasn't in any
book I had read. *It was this, which I had to
eventually be shown.* I've settled down
further into my blankets this evening... *I'm
nearly comfortable.* It's the interior
ongoing which I'm captivated by... not the
mundane world... *although, on a good day,*

when things cooperate, in my study corner,
the effect is quite nice. Today is Friday,
and rain is forecast all day. But, this
doesn't mean that there won't be some
sunshine, too. I've nothing to attend to,
nowhere to be... only right here. The
secret, I've found, to good writing, is in
remembering to make critical re reading
passes, back through what you've just
written, somewhat before you publish.
This, if done diligently, *will allow you to*
easily walk the primitive expressions back
from the rude animism into something,
which is much more benign. This is where
that 'paranoid critical,' self analysis comes

in most useful. If you want to find just what is in God's mind, you can try and get some thoughts flowing, by using these sort of broad brush strokes... beginning thoughts, which kind of get the ball rolling.

It helps to have a cadre of these types of *'beginning thoughts,'* through which to initiate paragraphs. At any rate, the world will try and compete with yourself, if you're writing... there will be imaginary conversations happening in the meanwhile, which tend to pull your consciousness off to the side... *there are always distractions.*

There's a good rule, I've learned, which goes something like, *'Be who you are, not*

what other's expectations dictate.' This is one of the most important sayings, because, for instance the natural world would have had myself to self destruct, twenty years ago, if it had had its way. There will always be dense thickets which crowd in, after any literary new beginning, like starting a new chapter, in a book. Wild nature will never be at complete peace with we humans... she's usually the main force, which is trying to defeat your good enterprise... to pull it off of the right course, into transience, and self defeat.

You'll grow to be accustomed to this resistive force, and to plan and factor for it.

In the indoors, where it's warm and dry,
your writing will be of a certain character.
But, I've learned how, having an outdoors
locale in which to compose ideas, (like
under a covered shed, with the sides open)
allows you in your writing to quickly see
and perceive what the natural go betweens,
or mediators, which will be present about
your life, wish you to see. As I sit here, at
the edge of our gravel area, where the
grasses of the back pasture begin, our local
birds are talking and communicating
merrily. It's been raining, but at the
moment, *the sunn is trying to come out,*
and there's a gentle south west wend,

letting me know, that more rain is likely possible. There's a way to deal with migraines like the one I have now... *I just have to find it.* Seeing one's lateral, or peripheral sub conscious impressions as something like your '*weather vane,*' which tend to fill you in on the real, and imaginary unknowns, which may be at play, on any given morning... It sometimes helps to think, of these lateral migraines as meaning, that, *the going is uphill... as a visualization, reach up past your head, mentally speaking, first with your right shoulder, then your left...* as if you were climbing up the rock face of a mountain...

this usually dispels the peripheral, or lateral types of migraines. At any rate, I seem to have gotten this article a good ways along, now, and am relieved, and glad, for this easier time, now with my migraine difficulty largely behind me.

Remembering to stay in touch with the natural life happening around myself, *I can tell, that there is more rain, here, as the day gets along.* There will just be patches of sunlight, as well. At any rate, sitting here, at dusk, in this shed, with this friendly canine in the chair beside me, I'm ready for some peaceful quietude. I'll get back inside our house, where it's warm, and

continue writing. I've gotten some online work accomplished, and have settled into my study corner. This rainy time is expected to continue into tomorrow, with hope for clear skies in the afternoon. Well, these have been a few thoughts to start this new part seven with, today. *This notion of 'uphill walking,' is a profound one.* At any given time, you'll either be back sliding into a migraine, *or your consciousness will be operating with the concept of 'walking up hill.'* In other words, at the heart of being human, I see, is a kind of small version of myself. I've learned to keep this inner self in readiness,

and practice always a kind of inner exertion, as in climbing or hard walking. This is the difference between time wasted, and time well spent. *Without this inner heart focus, and controlled exertion, you might as well give your migraines full control.* They'll always be competing for your sanity. Well I've said everything I wish to say, for the time being, this evening... I'll finish this article up and send along your way now. Greg.

~

What, do you think, is the biggest problem facing our peoples, and especially our youths, here in the Americas? I think that young people, from earliest age, should be immersed in good reading... *not television*. But there are so many other things, that instill inner sanity... healthy diet, balanced nutrition... outdoors play time... having fields and forests to run in... Scouting was such a good thing in my life, such built reverence for wild nature into my life and mind... *and soldered many connections with our paleo ancestors...*

knowing how it is to sleep in a tent, in the woods, in winter, what it means to complete a long hike... these alliances are precious. *And such group endeavors taught me leadership, and how to get along with others my age.* Educational books, and toys, also were immensely important. My bedroom contained three complete encyclopedia sets... they weren't brand new, but they were from the twentieth century, and they gave me an education. I would voraciously read articles, from topic to topic, leap frogging around, hungrily learning all I could. Science, chemistry, industry, electricity,

physics, world political history, and geography... *important historical figures peopled my imagination, filling out my understanding of historical events.* But,

I'm not a trivia expert... I just have a strong, definite sense of perspective, and place, and belonging in my culture... you can't put this sort of stability, into a young person's life, without a real encyclopedia set or two. I agree, modern kids, many of them, have the internet at their fingertips, and so I think, they get similar results.

But, if instantaneous world wide publishing is introduced too early, I think, a youth's reading life would suffer, for it. I

developed a kind of sacred reverence, for the mysteries of my mind, early, and the pursuit of knowledge and the lore of good story telling... my only trouble, really was the mean way my innocence slipped away from myself, at a point... at which time I began self medicating to recreate this lost innocence. And, I didn't even cognize that

I had a substance abuse problem. I just sought refuge in the medicine cabinet, (migraine pain relief pills, and inhalants,) *Because the reveries of my childhood were unforgettable... almost unattainable memories which I tried to recreate.* I'm relating these things, because of the

questions which seem to be plaguing men these days. Am I sick, or something, *or am I just dealing with a sick boy, or girl?* I think, we're going to have to make nuanced and subtle changes unto the ways we're administering our nations laws around gun control... not to in any way disarm American citizens, or take our personal defences away, *but to prevent borderline personality types, who don't and probably won't ever own land, or property from getting a hold of these types of rifles.* I think, that part of our background checks process, for prospective gun buyers, should include the person proving or

demonstrating, that he has to keep the wild cats and bears and wolves off of his property. Presenting the deed to the land, and two or more people to vouchsafe, for you, in writing, that you live there, and a photo copy of their driver's license, might would be sufficient. The retailer would have to fax the information to a state database, I guess. *Land owners have always been proud gun owners, and this should in no way change.* I just think that if a boy or girl, a young man or woman, is drinking alcohol, and he's supposed to be on psychotropic medications, like prozac, *then such a thing as trying to purchase a*

rifle, or semi automatic rifle, should raise some red flags. At any rate, these thoughts are in my mind, at some times, when questions are running a bit deep... for whatever the reason. At any rate, the Theosophical classics of the early twentieth century will never be unanimously adored... simply, because they had to share their time, with Not Zee ism. Simarlarly, I'll never really love my early works, and those four track recordings from nineteen ninety nine, and two thousand... just look what they had to share their time period with! So, get over the 'mixed feelings,' with regards to that. It's just an ordinary

fact of life. Maybe you don't follow my reasoning, *but if one is looking for some 'total enshrinement,' for your works, it will never happen, no matter who you are.*

Because any time has it's issues... the world of recorded media, is a 'bittersweet and mixed' kind of blessing. *Nothing is ever all win win.* At any rate, these are just some thoughts, this Wednesday evening,

here in middle April this year. Our afternoon was quite warm, and so our rooms on this end of the house are staying warm, into the night. I sit inputting these thoughts, now, and listening to a light flowing of music coming from my tablet

speakers, on the shelves next to me. I found and downloaded an live music show I liked, yesterday, and it reminds me of some of the best bluegrass and Americana music I've ever heard. So I guess, that was a good treasure, for myself. I don't often find things I like, so often a thing is just not quite in my zone... but this was right on. At any rate, today I'm working on a new nature film. After some deliberation, I decided to use my new high definition action camera and get some clips from various scenes around this yard. This will be the first video work I've done since twenty twenty one, and it's twenty twenty

three now, so, that's a good years rest, or so. So, but this makes the 'walking' harder, this week, for myself. So often, I'm dealing with a tension migraine off to one side of my face... it's just that we should see these type things as a part of the time we are living in... as writers have always had certain things they just had to ignore... *and any reflection is seen in light of world cultural changes, such is somewhat like the present time.* Understanding life like this, is seeing, again how our contemporary present is never all win win... *anything good, will be a mixed bag.* Well, these have been some thoughts. Today is

Thursday, and this morning, our weather is partly cloudy, in fact we have a seventy percent chance of rain. So, our hopes for a sunny week didn't really materialize, not this week. I sit upon my bed inputting these ideas, now, and am noticing the chill in the room, and the light coming in through the windows is pale. Well, we're waiting on one of us to get back from his doctor, after which, if the creek doesn't rise, we'll get our weekly snacks and drinks run in. That's usually the high point of the week. Well, at any rate. **'Even a happy day is a mixed bag.'** I think that this saying is something like unto what people

have been discovering since time immemorial. Especially since the Renaissance, which is thought to have begun around the time the printing press was invented... suddenly, anyone could have a complete copy of The King James Bible... *which was just the pinnacle, or apex of Man's accomplishments, over the first twelve hundred years, since the birth of Christ.* Not that there hadn't been other accomplishments... but, these were primarily megalithic, or feats of monumental stone architecture. The Pyramids at Giza being probably the most noteworthy... Go Blekky Tee pee still is the

oldest megalithic temple ever discovered...

but, the Holy Bible was something new...

an assemblage of intellectual coinage,

which rivaled all written works before, in world literature. And, with the King James

version Man now had a way to replicate exact copies of the volume, say, printing five sets of each page, until you had five

complete King James Bibles. So, this invention was more about our introduction unto an real science of information. Now,

you could print as many copies as you wanted, of the same codex... the exact same information became a spirit presence, *and the world entered shakily into the world of*

mass media communication. This allowed for mass marketing, and assembly line processes for producing goods, *which could be advertised in detail, throughout the kingdom, ushered in our Industrial Revolution.* So, another amazing thing about the printing press, was that it gave everyone a set language, ***the Kings English,*** and so a stop was put to the confusion and barbarism of the Dark Ages, following the collapse of the Roman Empire, throughout Europe. At any rate. So, this saying, of how, 'Even a happy day is a mixed bag,' just somewhat describes the twenty first century experience,

especially the instantaneous world wide publishing, and broadcasting of any type of media, to a global audience... *this effect will always be something like, information overload*, depending on how our news of the world is presented unto ourselves... in my part of the world, if something bad has happened, everyone will tend to hear of it, sooner, or later... most likely, sooner. This is like the crux of our modern world... ***this ethical, and honest management of digital information.*** (For instance, medical records. You can easily see, this is a type of information, which is private, and must be kept confidential.) At any rate, I sit

writing these thoughts, this cloudy, rather balmy Friday morning, this middle April of this year. The day may be a mixed bag, but, as for myself, *I'm not about to let anything ruin my good mood...* I feel nearly as good as I did in the year two thousand, *when I was such a 'vanguard,'* or similar type time period, *such as two thousand and eight,* when I had just discovered the long form type of audio, or podcasts... and first used the text to speech software...*(You see the whimsy of saying this, like, I can't any more predict future events, now, than I ever could. I'm just saying, that, today, 'I feel good, and this is what I can do, this*

writing and music and so forth.' And not letting anything 'get me down,' is my plan.)

Of course, the world situation is nothing like it was then. With that said, however, I definitely know, how maybe, *feeling like a 'vanguard,' suggests at, in my mind, (from experience,) maybe, an lot of unmanifest experience...rites of passage,' and becoming an adult, in this modern time, are always happening, somewhere... and are not any easier than they've ever been... especially, as we see that American moms and dads are maybe living through more headaches, possibly, than those parents of my generation did, in the early eighties,*

say. (The proliferation of fake news, for example,) The threat of world war, is still on peoples minds, as it was then, but I think that the cost of living is higher...

there are simply more pratt falls, and pot holes to fall into. There's never been any opiate more powerful than Fentynil... how easy it is for young people to pick up the wrong thing, for instance. So keep praying for us, not just in America, but everywhere.

Of course, and these are just my thoughts, *they're not right or wrong, until someone says they're right or wrong.* At any rate, these thoughts, I think, would be good to further expand on the ideas in the second

article of this seventh part, of my twenty
twenty three audiobook. *If your world is
getting bewildering, as mine is, to me,
then that's probably because you're just
getting old, and outmoded... your
intelligence and accomplishments are
being gradually entrusted to the modern
young people... and, you're being 'put to
pasture,' so to speak.* Well, I'll send this
along your way now. Greg.

~

If I had to sum up this time period, in one brief article, of writing, I wonder what I would say. *Would I find the gratitude, to keep from selling myself short?* Or would I *disappoint and dismay the ones who care about me the most?* The answer to this, is probably twofold. On the one hand, there's a prideful, ornery cuss in my mind, who will probably be able to find something to complain about. On the other hand, there's the other me, the exoteric me, which I carefully guide through social situations of all kinds... and always, just always, being careful, not to tread on anyone's dancing

slippers, or upon anyone's carefully cultivated garden. *This is why this answer is two fold.* You will find all kinds of people. You've got the good, you've got the bad, and in the end it's all about the 'facts of life.' If you're a gardener, or a grower... if you're building, or gestating digital media... growing from the small, to the big, you'll take a very minimalist approach to your social life... *especially if you've gotten hurt before.* You'll tend to see past your immediate present, your immediate environment... always seeing a big picture view, *even when your concerns appear to be around other people's mental*

symptoms... there's definitely a wide angle view, that always somewhat calls me home... away into the mists. This will be both a blessing and a curse. You'll quickly become engrossed in your 'navel gazing,' you'll tend to overlook the real presences about you, who might would have many things to say, and offer. But such is a hard living. Such thinking as this has got my mood somewhat somber... though the outlook, I think, is mostly good. I think about how feeling like such a vanguard is finally to see a blue world, as a small speck in the cosmos... and how the gratitude is all around you, if you'll just

consider the blessings of the time. If you could know, that your work, your musical and literary inventions, and advancements, *are in fact changing lives, for the better, you'd find your mood is improving... your day and time has been worth the effort, not just for today, but for the long run.* But at

any rate, most days, I don't have much conclusive confirmation, that these good things are so. My work, is what you might would call 'limited appeal,' and as such, being mainly for a 'meditation practice,' not for any personal gain... *I'll not find objective rewards, of that nature, but will still have many good things to offer, none*

the less. But you'll not find me to be a personality in an entertaining sense... someone you would get a kick from being around, hardly at all. But, now, my reading and composition time, especially after the hustle and bustle of any given day, is very sweet... I don't think I could very well communicate just how much this is so.

But, at any rate. *People will make you mad... this is a fact.* People will disappoint you every time. But, you won't lose sleep over the ways they make you feel... *You'll be tolerant no matter the trouble.* I tell myself these things, *as my antidote, not to good medicine, but bad.* Anyone will know

what I mean by this. But each day has it's

vital spirit... *you just have to see*

objectively enough to tell it from the

shadows... to see the difference. For

instance, I was at the doctors office this

morning, and *out of the blue, my*

*conscience was impressed significantly
enough to resolve a certain literary issue*

completely. At the end of any day, that's

what matters. Not much eludes my

spiritual eyesight... my better half makes

sure of it. Well I'm looking forward to the

evening rest, for myself, *and the warm*

week we're looking forward to, will do me

such good. I find a great deal of comfort,

tonight, just in collecting these thoughts on this word processor software, on my phone. *It's a place of togetherness, and receptivity, this writer's evening.* When the toil of living gets too intense... I think of the existential ground, of being in my life, now... *of how there's a three way junction, at the heart of being human.* Firstly, the conscious, waking sensory seeing and feeling, *which might could be compared to a shoreline...* the subconscious ocean is an immense presence, it's endless waves coming to crash along the conscious shore... *it's depths nearly unfathomed.* Lastly, there's the unconscious spatial

universe stretching away on all sides... full of that which I don't know of, empirically... *it's simply altogether beyond my scope.* At any rate, seeing this triune, or three way intersection, at the heart of the human experience, I've found that unless I stop, and acknowledge, how the ocean, of the subconscious mind, is as 'a burning desert', it tends to grow to a deafening roar, or an experience of great intensity... *maybe by acknowledging its sucking waves, continually irritating the weary shoreline, it will re seed, and the pain leave me at peace, in the stillness.* Well, just some thoughts. Nature always puts up resistance

to any new development... it's not that your
toil is proportional to the worlds benefit,
from such toil, (that's illogical,... but
Bertrand Russell once said, '*Resistance is
proportional to the square of the
importance of what you're doing or talking
about.*' This makes such sense. We should
always question our assumptions... this is
the way to be philosophically thorough, to
somewhat keep from being blind sided. *At
any rate.* We've got a sunny, warm
Wednesday morning, and I entertain, here,
a notion about '*stream entry,*' in a general
sense, to get some writing done, and be
along into the day. *Flow state,* is a form of

meditation in itself. As I sit typing into this word processor keyboard, I am able to set aside any ego struggles, such as frustration, or resentment... *and be completely in the now.* I move this line of thoughts along down my page, until I have not just one paragraph, but an entire essay. I think, like many do, that such a flow state is the key to success in my life, and any accomplishment, or positive gain, will usually involve setting down all of the pointless work and toil, *of an highly resourced mind.* I set it all down, and just focus on these words going onto this page... my sense of time perception

evaporates, entirely, and each thought leads naturally unto the ones following it, right down the page. As I allow this gradual growing and building, I'm simply accessing the raw creative forces of the universe... with out going through any physical act, other than that of notating the flow of moments, onto this page. (Which is a form of latency inherent to any human physical existence, experienced over time... *just tapping into such produces good, solid results.*) This writing isn't something I would call 'self authorship,' but instead is a more of a *prayerful receiving, from the higher spiritual presences.* As I'm

inputting these thoughts, right now, this smart device's auto complete is giving me the distinct impression of it's being human... as it appears to be wrestling with me over this present upwelling... and apparently I'm given to think, *'so what are you trying to say?'* as I see it is acting somewhat defiant, *as if my thoughts are going 'against the prevailing wind,'* and maybe I should probably give up on this writing presently. I'm reminded of the scene in Stanley Kubricks **two thousand and one a space odyssey,** where Hal nine thousand says, 'Dave, I think you should lighten up,' when he tries to turn the

computer off. Only here, *Dave's enjoying his writing, and doesn't want to throw the towel in, just yet.* These are examples of

my own quiet, simple thoughts this pleasant Wednesday afternoon in middle late April, this year. I'm simply enchanted by these gentle flowing words, and feel as if I could stay in this moment forever, *continually receiving these thoughts, and progressing my work.* Well, at any rate, I

would say that 'I'm blessed, now, and grateful, for my being utilized by these spirit presences, to get these ideas down on paper, here.' I can see through the open door of this outside shack, the gravel pad,

here under these trees, is lit brilliant white by the afternoon sun, a glare somewhat like being at the beach, dazzling sands of my state's southern shores. The temperature is perfect, right now, *and I'm genuinely impressed by no bother whatsoever... just good flowing meditation.* Time spent listening to my nineteen ninety eight to two thousand music archive compact discs seems, always, to flow smoothly into my post twenty twelve discs. *Remembering this continuity helps that early music to make sense, and keeps from running myself into the ground.* If I make time for one, I would make time for the other. At any rate,

today has a peaceful, stable feel, and is a great relief, to find, after some of my recent strife. *Here's proof... I'm myself not sick, and my woes aren't permanent.*

Something like discovering, *'I'm more than just my fleeting thoughts and transient emotions,'* Having a strong writer's voice is a completely renewable resource, which only asks to be utilized. At any rate, a thermos of undiluted iced black tea, *is tantamount to paradise, (or maybe tall grass,)* so I'll have to say I feel fine, and am mainly grateful for Spring's arrival, and my own good health, and well being. What does it mean to me to be 'vanguard?' I think

it just means, having a good readership,
and, *at least for the time being, not looking
back.* You've somewhat forgotten the
troubles with the world, being wrapped in
your new progress... *You've established geo
stationary orbit...* completely enjoying the
vista... *Your course lays ahead of
yourself... Your dreams are within your
reach...* does any of this sound familiar?

The worlds beyond still may have their
troubles, though, *but they will surely 'take
care of themselves.'* At any rate, these are
just some ideas that are floating through
my mind, this evening. We here have
'banished the day's troubles and worries,'

and can see far and wide. (This is a passage from an earlier work, from spring two thousand and one. Let's make sure we don't get blind sided like that ever again, *by closing the loop holes in our system.*)

Well, these thoughts will help fill out, I think, the second part of my most recent writing... I'll add them in, and send along your way now. Greg.

~

As I'm sitting out here where the grasses

begin, this morning, I'm getting the much
longed for, and revered sunshine. The local
fauna are well tempered, and come close,
curiously getting a look at me, with my
smart device, looking back at them. Avians,
these birds, are, I think, the only other
animals, than people, which walk on two
feet. Plus, they fly on the wing. I think
this is just amazing, and have written
numerous times on their amazing society,
and how they somewhat share a certain
oversight with we people... there are other
important members of any local ecology,
*such as the arthropods... which I think
vastly outnumber and outperform*

ourselves, in terms of necessary ecological niche roles. At any rate, I was completely happy with the fullness of an entire afternoon without bother, or worry yesterday... I really felt as if the time and day were given a clean bill of health, such that the illusion of struggles, which sometimes trouble ourselves, was seen for what it is, and isn't, and I don't feel that it's in any way substantial... it doesn't amount to anything at all. So the enjoyment was good enough that I'll not soon forget it... it will stay with us. I'm not sure if it was nature, or nurture though... heaven really comes through for us, sometimes... comes

down for us... all we have to do, is somewhat grab a hold of, and... there it was... complete revival. So you can't much argue with that. At any rate, here it is, the next day, and the recollection is vividly remembered. It surely is good, to have constructive and benign ideas, and to be glad to share them. *With my aptitude and talents, I don't much like to allow my self too much down time, so I usually find things to do, for myself,* and to have something to show for the time, is plenty gratification, and then some. Well it seems as if I spend most of my time by myself, and pretty much keep to myself, at our

group meetings. We definitely have a mixed group, I've for the most part had my fill of social dalliances, since about having more or less gone inwardly a long time ago. *But, one day out of fifteen, my turn comes around, and I'll be more or less sociable.* This work is so good for me, I would say that *mine is for Heaven, not Earth.* People and their stances, they come hand in hand. I'm no exception, either. If you want to know what children think about, just ask one of us... we've got a lot of childish ways. *I, myself, am somewhat infantile... seeming to think that there's a little me up in my head, speaking my part*

for me. At any rate, you can see, some of the thoughts which arise, when grown people have to live with one another, and share one another's home environment.

I've got a saying, it goes like, '*Mentally ill people mess with stuff. That's what they do.*' I know some people think that my writing sometimes gets a bit illogical... it's sometimes just that we, as people, have emotions... *and then this is when our behavior, or writing gets a little dumb...* If you think this part, or that one was pointless, I'd probably have to agree with you. I fix everything I know how to fix... it's mostly just finding the mistakes, and

the time, and energy. At this time of the day, most mornings, *I'm quite happy to work these thoughts out, therapeutically, upon my written pages...* (**many others would probably be glad to share this purpose...**) this, then gives me something to show for the time... a real equity, independent of whether there is anyone in particular who is interested in reading it... *I'll still have the good equity...* which to myself, is just *mothers milk...* when paired with soothing music these thoughts are *hypnotic, and relaxing in their gentle reassurances.* I've always thought of listening to my audio books as something

like unto, hearing your favorite grandmother recollecting the memories, and wisdom which she and you do share, from 'long long ago.' This is the only reason that I use the female text reader voice... I used to love my Grandmother so much, and, so, these words are somewhat of '*purest tonic for what ails me.*' If they don't seem that way for yourself, here or there, or if you have differences, then I apologize... I'm not trying to mess with anyone's deeply held beliefs, I'm just writing what comes up from day to day. I'm in no way any authority... I've no collegiate degree, or certificate. But I

know what I like. Yesterday, I tried to get the synchronisation right, music with the video, on some videos of me playing the piano. The camera's microphone had not been good, so I finally tried to pair the main audio feed with the silent video clips, *and it was easier said than done.* So my results were a mixed bag. I seem to be dealing with miss assumptions, upon miss assumptions, upon miss assumptions, as if someone in our community thinks that someone thinks, that someone thinks, *or is making a miss assumption, about what is thought, for some reason... and so forth.* This is what living with a spatio spiritual

consciousness is sometimes like... *it's not good, it's not bad, its not true or false... it's just an annoyance... and will be either more or less oh vert, from day to day... from time to time.* Pure fictitious garbage, if you ask me. At any rate, I don't write about fictitious garbage, I try most commonly to give an honest assessment of the time, as I see it, from my perspective... not someone else's... whether it be good or bad... or any quality to speak of, for that matter... I've always had an honest take on my cognitive sphere of ongoing... If I write it, it's most likely because I thought of it, myself... only the part you can't see, of me,

is what I would say variously to be something akin to the antiquated notion of 'Grandmother Spider.' not as anything you could ever or would want to quantify, or prove, but solely in a subjective sense... a feature of my own cognitive experience from day to day. But, I know I'm sometimes something of a 'tank of air,' and an 'wind bag,' yet I present these thoughts... *they occurred to me, subjectively... not empirically.* At any rate, you can do with them what you like. I don't much care.

Also.... A 'maverick,' or 'gonzo,' might be an imaginary identity, which arises from

time to time in a writer's courses... if this says it better. (Yes, I think,) (Many things have been said, about 'writers,' and their crazy imaginations... 'a charleton' or the likes of 'snake oil salesmen,' are others which I've heard all through my courses.) Any way... If this makes any sense unto you whatsoever, then I'll be quite happy with it. But it might also be another case of, 'thoughts not worth thinking.' Those sometimes are bad. Whose to say, which way the wind should blow, whether north south east or west? We always hope for the best, and have to somewhat 'take it on faith,' that our good work is 'good,' I

think what a disabled person is really talking about, is how the gratitude toward the caregiver is enormous... I've often thought how, 'I hope they're paying you!' is just of such immense importance and concern... those in social work, home management, health, personal management, and training, as well as the mental health professionals we work with daily... they are highly appreciated. That about says it best, I would think. At any rate, I hope you and yours have a good weekend, and enjoy the spring weather to 'your hearts contentment.' I'll wrap this writing up and send along your way now.

Greg.

~

In concluding this part seven, in this twenty twenty three audio book, this year, I'm given to try and somewhat diss mantle *some of what others may think of as a sort of Mad Hatter type of visage*, who might have completely different ideas, at any given time, from those '*given from on high*,' and who feels small sometimes, and inept, given the vastness of mans creations,

compared to my own real imperfections, and flaws. Many of us have aspired to be voices of discernment, and vision... this is definitely a possible goal, in our society... even just having a voice, at all... being able to reach others... to create and recreate ones own self, in the eyes of your readers... *this will always be a prized experience.* I like to think, that my years have shown me how to best live, and thrive, even in challenging circumstances... like hiking and camping, for instance... but I would have to admit, that I do very much like the indoors environment, as I find it, too, *and wouldn't want to trade my conveniences for*

the rugged outdoors. My nature hiking years were as a teenager. (Knock on wood,) So, but in finishing this part out, I'd like to say, *how the real hazards and obstacles of the living years really didn't present as much challenge to myself, as did my own mind, or as it does on any given week day...*

I sometimes get a bit 'sore in the saddle,' for instance, and the journeys seem too endless. But, as the spring unto the winter frosts, a rekindled romance, for instance, can dry the tears, which living sometimes brings... *there are other panacea, such as in 'the journey of art,' in general, and the love of the new creation...* my own desires,

are more or less met, by that which I can make with my own two hands, and good artist's eye, and mind. I've written before, how the artist's life is so gratifying, when you have full artistic control, over what you make... I agree, though that the circumstances aren't always very good...

against a backdrop of war and national security matters, financial woes, and doubts around climate change talk, in general...

there is a national screen play of 'loose virtues, and guns and ammo as a sick, but poetic path to personal power...' a way of thinking which is the complete opposite from the literary and artistic avatars'

paths. We hope these darkness actually aren't as bad as they once were, however, *supposedly having mostly kind of found their own resolutions in the Millennial Turning of the Ages, and the Mayan Back tune...* that particular Apocalypse, which we all saw... but an artist committing suicide isn't justice at all... *it's absurdity.* But there's an minority *who seem to keep adversaries, and vendettas as the ways to solve them... whom have forgotten God, and peace, and everything, and who might not make it through another cruel winter.* So very much contrasting with the inner joy of personal victory. But our

expectations of what is thought of as healthy behavior, in our civil society, are actually quite high... I know, that I have to stay in a group home, *with my family history of mental illness and alcoholism... a self injury survivor just isn't a desirable addition to any community, and I know that this is so.* I would quickly become branded a heretic, if I tried to live independently. I mean our values of class standards would probably balk at my lowly status quo, but on the other hand, *I know what real pain is, and isn't.* Well, I can see across, and over the clouds, on a good day, like this one, and from my best outlook, this present one is a

young persons world, most definitely... *but
an old ghost's haunt, of the finest degree.*

The old hound doesn't have highs or lows
which you would much find in an article in
a newspaper, or any such nonsense, *but
more so in the wins and losses on the
higher plane of consciousness... being
experiences of greater or lesser Quality,*
not material or monetary gains or losses,
unless death really does have no victory, or
there's a tornado or earthquake. ***You see
dreams of life are unreal, but life itself is
highly real, in places.*** I guess location is
everything. If an earthquake happened
here, *all boundaries would be crossed...*

*health, wealth, status... death is no
respector of persons. But, the constancy
of a sincere, honest spiritual relationship
simply smooths all of the difficulties in
trust and love... she only needs a minute
or two to regain the lost balance, in most
circumstances.* Well, that's about all I've
got new, right now. I'd better get to bed.

All for now. Greg.

~

IN BEGINNING THIS NEW
AUDIOBOOK, part eight, this morning,
my mind considers many things. The
weather in my area is clear and sunny, and
*our temperatures are beginning to warm, to
a more typical May morning range.* I feel
that all of my goals so far have been met,
and exceeded... by sitting to write this
morning, I hope to get a general idea, of
my local contemporary present... what
we're dealing with, now, and our main
priorities, and policies into our future, and
perhaps learn of wider concerns, as well.
Not that our little scene, here at this group

home, really compares with modern troubles... in fact, quite the opposite... a rest home is just that, good rest, *and we're not physicists. Or mathematicians, but keeping a traditional diss abled persons' domicile... the traditional ways are just fine.* But, I think its true that you can 'learn a lot about the world, without ever leaving your doorstep,' this saying is true, just so that our inner looking vision doesn't come in between us, at our daily meetings... other things being equal, such as diet, hi jean, and chores. So if you're looking for the 'meanings in life,' per say, those of us who have been diss abled, or

'out of circulation,' for a decade or more, might will have little interest in following fashion, in that sense, *but we seem to base a lot upon everyone doing their part, and seeing a blessing as a blessing, and, speaking for myself, keeping 'on the sunny side,' has been important...* my own

writing, I think is analogous to that of many of the positive thinking, and holistic living self help writers of the twentieth century... I grew up reading literary, and popular science, and photography digests, and encyclopedias, and so cable television was not really anything I was exposed to, although many of my friends were. Well,

at any rate, these are just a few ideas, at this outset of my new part eight audiobook. I'm something of a believer in the view of how, **'the whole is contained within any and all of its individual unit, constituent parts.'** This philosophy has definitely guided myself through the years, in writing my own journals, and if you understand this way, you know, how an 'commonplace, unspoken vernacular,' is an entirely good subject matter in writing, *and just because we are speaking in common terms, doesn't in any way mean, we're not talking about the 'meanings in life,'* and, of course, how life is *'only what can be coaxed out of it...'*

not just the given thing, necessarily, but really in having fun, and pretty much making the best of things. Having figured out, fairly early how, *being in possession of the right understandings, and knowledge, about ones life, and purpose can make all of the difference between a hurting human, and a happy one...* and I instinctually knew that I wanted a way out of the cycles of addiction... my family history included both mental illnesses and alcoholism, *so I knew I had to get myself, my heart right, no matter what I did.* So, to make a long story short, that's what I did.

A friend asked me, why it is that *easy*

seems hard, and hard sometimes seems easy. I told her, that this neurotic way of thinking is probably the civil servant's perspective. If you had to see what they are exposed unto, you'd be neurotic too. At least this is my thoughts on it. 'We can't help but see the daily news,' this might be true, but can't you see that the sun is in the sky? That's what I'm talking about. I believe that even with inexpensive personal technology, we can effectively 'log on,' in the Galactic sense. If more people understood this, there'd be less trouble on the streets... and more successful, peaceful artistic journeys. I believe this to be true.

But, then too, information overload is a very real condition. Yet, despite this, it can often be helpful to learn of that which is causing subconscious distress... but by the same token, some things we just won't actually learn of per say, and finding understanding comes a bit later... *the truth might would confuse our simple minds.* At any rate, I found a good owner for an extra stereo jam box this morning... it was good to get it to someone who could use it. My other needs have all been seen unto... leaving myself entirely free to experience the sights and sounds, and feel the emotions, which living in this twenty first

century does involve. I only hope that I don't stir up negative associations in my reader's imagination... *either of 'little dictators', or of 'ill gotten gains.'* It doesn't take a genius to see, how some people had better 'straighten up and fly right...' for myself, living, and being a man, often requires that I *'find something to do,'* or just something engrossing to look at, or read...(not pornography,) the television usually affords me with an kind of expressway on ramp, into more fanciful dreams, than my somewhat hum drum immediate environs... but tends to intimidate me, *so my study corner revolves*

around the word processor on my smart device... which often suffices to allow me to externalize, and succinctly get down my vague, or shadowy and diaphrenous thought worlds, onto external media... essentially allowing myself a voice, within this twenty first century Aquarian realm, which, writers will know of, sometimes makes quantum leaps in terms of vastness, or incomprehensibility... *new patterns emerging only over time.* And the really miraculous thing is how, '**one or more of those present, at any given time, has a direct line unto Heaven.**' Really knowing that all true orderliness, and grace fullness

comes more or less, dependent on the clarity of one's mirror in reflecting this far more vast realm of spiritual being ness, which for many is only a *'feeling of a sort, that can't be followed,'* or a *'fleeting glimpse of fun...'* to quote a favorite songwriter... there is definitely so much more, when we can sometimes see over the clouds, and when we learn to allow pure and true Galactic patterns to use us, and to flow through, and, in a Human sense, to embellish and improve our welfare here on this Earth. *This to me is the secret to a positive, beneficial comprehension of living in this twenty first century.* These ideas are

so like, 'Duh,' but, in truth, many are there who aren't, or who maybe can't play in a band, or who face limitations, and will seek out solutions which don't involve traveling. Or, if you like 'idea books,' maybe this then is your calling. Or maybe, if you can't jam with others you'll be able to write or paint, or sculpt, from a place of inn dwelling, and *will do it in such a manner that this, or these inner being structures, and agencies of spirit, will be invoked, at the mere reading or looking at such art.* This is the reason that we have solitary paths, in general. Just so that we know how 'people need people,' and **you 'can't very well do**

it on your own.' In a way, Love Herself is tasked partly with '*building a proverbial bridge,*' for certain inept ones among us, whom might would prosper more, in a structured group environment. This is myself, for instance! I wouldn't have survived a year, much less twenty years, if I had to do it alone, today... *when I was thirty two years old, though, I was hard headed and stupid enough to try...* and in doing so, I nearly died from self injury. I've stayed in group home living ever since.

Just a note... Mother Nature, seen as a female embodiment, is such nurturing,

*and comfort, really an warm enfolding in
nurturing... but at the same time, you
might would not wish to insult a tornado
or earthquake victim by telling him or her
that God is Love, or that Nature is a
Religion that would help. It's just that a
mother's love knows no bounds... The
wisdom of the wolf pack, natural wisdom,
though it is wise and can be kind, is no
match for the Godly wisdom of real
Human society. Perhaps, Human nature
is how God measures Him or Herself,
whether easily understood or hard to
fathom.*

Well, these have just been some thoughts, which occurred to myself, while sitting and mulling over this new beginning, of this part eight, this year. I hope they will have been a blessing to yourself, and that this my course continues, along into my forthcoming books, as may be, given sufficient time, and good health. Well, all for now, I'll send this along your way now.

Greg.

~

Some thoughts, now, to move this present
part eight along... *'Now, I've seen
everything,'* is, of course, a saying which
we use, to suggest at ones' own diss belief,
*and to kind of get one's mind to move
along...* as sometimes the answers we find
are too few, and sharing, it is thought, can
allow one to therapeutically voice or show
one's feelings... Sharing a thing, onto your
lasting media, is the same as telling
another... and this is usually all that is

required, for myself, to let a matter pass...

then I'll be more or less glad to move forward, having gotten a thing off of my chest. *If you want to know what I think,*

then, you can just read this. At any rate,

our weather, lately has been sunny, but blustery and almost chilly. One wouldn't wish to have to sit in the shade, with wind like we've seen today, whipping around...

but the sun was somewhat pleasant, especially if you could block the wind,

which I would say, was somewhat

unnerving. We worry about bad storms, when the jet stream is down at our altitude, for any length of time. At any rate, life

might make you think one thing, and then turn around and be completely different. *Life, being nature, sometimes does what it wants to do, that's for sure... she's sure to surprise.* When we think we understand the quantum world, that's a good sign that we don't. *When you wish to glean insight into the always changing wiles and innermost zephyrs, of your heart, you tend to lean upon your 'already established truths.'* This will anchor the self, within a quality of stability. Through the years, these 'truths gleaned through writing,' have grown to form a vocabulary of a sort, which occupies a place, and role, and

station similar to how that of the Oriental dharma scripture, is to the Buddhist devotee. *This has been the challenge of my life... this 'getting down onto lasting media' of these observations and solvents which have helped myself so much, through the years.* It's always good when the hard times pass, and happiness returns. You and me look around, *and begin to resume familiar patterns.* When a particularly bad migraine strikes, I generally find the miniature me down in my heart... and just motivate my shoulders, reaching first with my right arm then my left, above my head, pushing the lateral pressure away and off of

the sides of my head, and face. It can be difficult to express anger and resentment...

playing a musical instrument, usually allows one to quantize and send behind, the pent up frustrations, and angst *that comes, occasionally, when grown men and women have to live together.* If a person is in consciousness of spirit being presences about his or her life, *then his desire will be to differentiate 'the self' from 'the other.'*

This will almost always be true. See, I think that there is a generation of young people, who have forgotten about the Peace

Love and Well being revolutions of the 'sacred nine teen sixties.' I think that this

movement in the decades leading up to man stepping foot upon the Moon should somewhat be enshrined as like none other previously. *As a teenager, I was drawn to this pursuit, and I just had to learn all there was to know, about my own mind, and consciousness. (And Nasa,)* So I instinctively knew to stay completely away from, for instance, gun culture. But, I was drawn to the consciousness expansion drugs. *It's easy to miss this subtle distinction.* Some youths today forget or overlook the vast mysteries of their own minds, and miss out on this potentiality. They skip right to self defense weapons,

before even stopping to consider their own immortal soul, this is what is wrong with people. It's a soul blindness, to use another writer's term. We've replaced Islamic extremists, and those troubles, with mass murderers. But I wonder if it isn't the same phenomenon, in a different land. Oh well, just some thoughts. I'm glad that the cold winds blowing across our lands have stopped. Today is Thursday, and we're counting our blessings, and hoping to resupply our snacks and drinks today. I've found that, there's nothing wrong with our world... we should be able to agree, 'I'm Okay, You're Okay...' I think, that the

borderline personality types, might be better described, as 'Dwellers On the Threshold.' 'Dancers between the realms.'

This is not a bad way to be... *quite the contrary, it's a very good way to keep 'up to the minute,' on cultural shifts in*

beliefs, and attitudes, and views. The problem comes, though, when you put an emm sixteen in the hands of a jazzier...

cultural views around personal defense weapons, are open for discussion. Land owners, I guess, are who would want to possess weapons... not apartment

dwellers... this seems to make sense.

Maybe our society needs to replace values

of deadly force, and brute dominance, with literary, artistic values. Rather than metal music, and the mythology of death, (games around killing,) we should emphasize lyrical beauty, and instrumental fluency... the improvement of human welfare, and the yarns of the weaving of melody and harmony. I agree, though, that we can avoid a 'happy go lucky' sound through usage of the idiom of the blues. But, dark is as it always was... dark. At any rate, I saw the question asked, in a list of uploaded videos, 'What is empathic superintelligence?' I realized then how, 'That's us!' How it is, that we are in

possession of a kind of 'hive
consciousness,' where each holistic member
is gazing into an kind of identical
'television screen,' or data set, of apparent
natures... feeling and seeing somewhat in
unison... as a group... *this must be what is
meant by it.* (If only someone among us
would awaken unto such truth... then
maybe diss chord might would evaporate.)

*I think, that this modus operandi is
somehow what an outside mind, like mine,
is always trying to find his way into, this
unified collective consciousness...* at least I
think this is an instinctive, or maybe God
given directive in our society... this of

finding mutual understanding. It's just,
'Who will get these ideas down on paper,
for us, then, if not you?' So what are these
ideas, then? Maybe the 'Least common
denominator,' thoughts or the 'Nearest to
the bottom line,' ideas which I can find.
So, and if you'd look, and listen for it, you
might see how all poets in this present are
somewhat speaking a common language...
in similar orbital position, axial tilt, and
season of year... and having similar
dreams... you just might not have found
someone who is willing to share, yet. So
you can't much corroborate? An set of
assumptions. *Just, don't make the one*

where you're the only one! See, we affirm the unison concept, when we can, *which is it's own kind of expressway.* Planetary patterns. Gaia consciousness. Well I'll bring this article to a close, now. Have a pleasant weekend, and new May. All for now, Greg.

~

When I start having to deal with depression, as I often do, I have freedom and can get some sunlight, and fresh air.

So, I'm often going to find something to do, when the weather is cloudy, or cold, either one, and having this word processor software, and blue tooth keyboard is definitely useful. *If I thought I could feel the spirit of our culture, as a twenty three year old, driving around town and listening to the popular radio station, and getting completely up lifted and invigorated, by the music spirit... then today I hear the dancing radio signal and I'm really impressed... There's just no comparison, to this kind of uplift.* Troubles are far away, then, and I really want to hug and kiss all of my memories, and celebrate this twenty

first century of wonder. I had a hand held electronic football game as a teenager...I didn't know how our technology would advance so much, to this. It's just that our present world is enigmatic... *you just can't please all of the people all of the time, even if we try.* At any rate, I've lived in group, boarding, and foster type group homes since two thousand and three. Living and working under managers is what I'm best at. This is myself... the mineature self inside, who is 'walking uphill,' is my kind of virtual avatar... keeping the devil back away, from me, *and not forgetting the regular necessity for an*

*inner effort of will... staying attuned unto
this 'heart yoga,' type of consciousness...*

*not taking the inner willpower for
granted... being involved in one's own*

*existence. Just find that inner being, and,
use visuallizationn, and, imagine climbing
a rock face... reaching above your head
with right arm, then left... until the lateral
pain dissipates. Mentally walking uphill is*

*a reaction unto the downcast stares of
others who think they know you, when
you're unique and special. I have greatly
enjoyed the past few years at this home,
since I beat cancer... practically living and
working entirely without fear, of*

harassment, or otherwise... pretty secure in my music arts, and with such good management. Well, I guess you see, this has been a productive relationship. *The 'one precious jewel,' type concept, to me, is a country saying reflecting love for the 'latest invention,' in other words, the latest recording will be the best, and the favorite, by far.* This is the first Friday in May, this year, and I can tell, I'm being red, by more than usual. I've noticed vegetable life, recently... trees appear to be conscious beings, who might would have much to say. Well this writing is going onto the page incrementally. My thoughts stammer, as

their tail ends whip around and entangle
with their origins. My tablet computer
plays a poignant and subtly nuanced piano
piece of mine, and I'm counting my
blessings... a little goes a long way. I'm
passing through another hourglass narrows,
as this evening is winding down... as I lay
inputting into this device's word
processor... *and as I await a transcendent
passage... and for eyelids to grow heavier.*
The moon above is so strong and powerful,
I really don't completely know what this
jukebox is capable of... perhaps a solitary
night on a mountain top... misty woodland
glen, with sputtering embers dying out,

climbing into sleep bag bed, awaiting dreams... not of a youth lacking purpose, so set upon, by figments of the night, but of a seasoned arts expert, *who is really at full stride, in life, and who is happy and fulfilled.* At any rate, connecting with older people is the same as connecting with my future self... in twenty five or thirty years, I'll pass through some of the very same silver lands which my parents now inhabit... seeing this way now is a sort of virtual reality, like a hologram. The promise of a better tomorrow. At any rate. *The weather is it's own thing.* Anyone who's ever been through a tornado, or

hurricane, or earthquake, or flood, will be more superstitious, especially if your spirit beliefs are animistic in nature, as in Shinto, which acknowledges representative spirit presences throughout the natural world. Here's how this usually goes: (not Shinto, but animistic doom saying,) Nature looks at our consumer driven society, (i.e. angry birds especially affiliate with weather, or so the superstition goes.) This nature gets mad at our overconsumption and waste, and makes a twister outbreak, wreaking havoc all over the land, as punishment for our materialistic ways.

Well, at any rate, this is the fear, that this

Garden of Eden will be lost. This fear is such that the Environmental Protection Agency makes any new commercial development practically require an act of Congress... and since we've got our eggs in the E Pee Aay basket, so to speak, we give them lots of money to make sure, or insure us, against 'consumption remorse.' Well at any rate, I got sidetracked back in nineteen ninety nine, into playing and recording an 'darkly ominous' type style of piano, *because of inn experience, and the loop holes in our system that needed fixing.* I nearly died from this 'remorse.' (Nada terma, or immature art, can ultimately be

recycled into useful designs, just so the times have changed, or grown out of it.)

Well, these are just some ideas. By the time I feel like I have worked the bugs out of this writing so far, there are new ones just beginning. (Of course I'm just kidding.) *But, it is hard work making an original, classic audiobook... a lot harder than it may appear... which is effortless.* It can be amazing, what one man, alone can accomplish... consider the Coral Castle... where one person carved over one thousand tons of limestone shell rock. Visitors still flock to see. Similarly, writers, musicians, and artists sometimes grow very prolific...

consider the painter Salvador Dali, or the
Theosophy writer, Madame Blavatsky. I'll
be feeling lost and bewildered, and then I'll
remember... goldfish eyelids... it's like a
real homecoming. Well, these have been a
few thoughts, this first Saturday in May,
this year. The night has fallen, and I'm
going to finish this writing, and get to bed.
I go unto the empty page, today, and look,
beneath first one surface layer, then
another. The onion layers peel away... the
outer skin, first, and then down into the
onion itself. I sketch around, using this
word processor... *something like a jazz*
musician, trying to find a catchy lead

melody, or a good refrain. I see this beginning stage, of an article, as the danciest part of the composition process... once my beginning is generated, the rest of the piece usually comes along naturally. I sit outside in the shade, and write. Our temperatures here are finally in the warm range... *just last week at this time, it was too chilly to really enjoy sitting out... and it was wendy as well.* Much better now. The sunshine is cast across the north west end of our house, *our luminous star appearing to sink below the horizon of the hazy sky, and then disappearing,* and bringing the diamond chip stars and planets

into view, at least for awhile, before
thunder storm chances develop, later
tonight. We'll be asleep by then. Well, it's
the next day, and our skies are generally
overcast... although there's hope for
sunshine later today. Tomorrow's skies
should be clear, and so that's what I tell
myself. In getting along down this page,
this morning, I'm realizing how faltering
my writers' voice is, lately. *I'm waiting for
good ideas, not just common thinking, but
useful thinking.* At the same time, I just
needn't think that my simple reasoning,
will itself necessarily 'save the world,' but
maybe through shining a constant candle

for just one individual soul, much gain 'can indeed be accomplished.' So often, there will be a kind of primeval blunder, or miss assumption, for instance, around the outset of a composition... and this can bring the production to a halt, until the trouble is solved. *Usually by 'walking a primitive expression back,' unto a somewhat more enlightened stance, or position... the problem will find itself solved.* At any rate, I'm still writing along this one path, I've been given, some twenty five years, or more into my life. 'An artesian wellspring,' *if I do say so myself.* At any rate, I'll wrap this writing up, and add it in with the

others. Looking forward, now, to the good weekend ahead, and coming summer time season. In looking to get one's mind and life *through and past a narrow strait, it often can be seen, how by smoothing out the beginning, of a thing, the later times, in the thing, are then easier.* Much could be said of this, but then, there's a lot of blessings and goodness, around the 'beginning times' which I tend to take for granted. One book I've written, though, where the beginning was so difficult, was the 'Earth Changes,' book, *wherein I had to contend with 'rock sprites,' right away, and my labor was nearly endless.* Separately,

the Shinto rites aim to purify and make right the crude animism, found upon the outset of 'looking within,' the Earth mysteries, in general. *To the practitioners, Shinto is like the 'Religion of the Gods.'* At any rate, these are a few thoughts. The twentieth century began with Theosophy, as electricity began to be harnessed, and implemented to power the industrial revolution, including incandescent lighting and radio and television communication... *and gasoline powered automobiles and air planes became used as means of transportation.* Additionally, matter and energy were now explained as two forms of

the same entity, especially as in Einstein's equation, *E equals MC squared*. So mankind gained some knowledge of relativistic and particle physics. So, our telecommunications and binary revolutions were quite full fledged, already, by the beginning of the twenty first century. At any rate, having remedied the beginning part of this part eight, my writers block has lifted. *I believe, of the Ancestors, 'When things are put in order, they will reveal themselves to ourselves.'* Perhaps the developmental problems of some of our youth, pertain somewhat to what this saying is about. Well, I sit outside in this

small shack, looking out through the open door, at the sunlight and traffic along this street. There is an atmospheric line of precipitation just to the West of here; we are expecting rain this afternoon. *Goldfish eyelids are expecting rain as well?* Well, at any rate, I would say, that this present is more like an Afterlife than any I've seen in a while. My appreciation of the light surrounding my body is quite intense, with such appreciation, of depths... *spatial volumes, and of many depths of shades of colors. A deep time, with lots of distracting light.* At any rate, by writing these thoughts, I'll hopefully keep myself

from forgetting this time. *Perhaps, my Angel is asking of me to pray, for all I'm worth, for the poor errant souls who were misled, and got lost.* We then can be of service, maybe through petitioning unto God? *Well, you can't fight city hall, but maybe you can make room for a friend.* At any rate, some people out there are serving consecutive life sentences, for the crime of being born into circumstances they can't *or maybe should have tried to control.* I myself was born into a Godly family, and I was privileged to be given loving and caring family and friends, *unlimited room for growth, and the all important 'artistic*

role modeling,' but those good things didn't exempt me from my share of alienation and isolation, until love could bridge the distance into holistic living and well being.

So this has been a small tale... the journey of my life... *of an audio book, as well, as I've related.* How many times have I, like a hypochondriac, thought that this is surely *'the end,'* or *'the big one,'* but I'm young, and fairly hardy... 'I wonder if I'll ever really know, how *'saying something will never make it so.'*" to paraphrase a favorite songwriter. Well, these have been a few thoughts. I'll send this writing along with the others now. All for now, Greg.

~

When one wishes to look beneath the surfaces of the empty page, it can help to have a simple, bold beginning line, or two, to set the tone, and kind of get the 'ball rolling,' This is the easiest way that I know of, to begin an article of writing.

Just noodle around, a bit, like a jazz musician, trying to find a groove. If your mental picture says, 'play high,' then do so, or if you see 'play some low notes,' then do

that. The painting in your minds eye, is a graphical guide, and you want to just let it leed. You might hear a verbal conversation happening, a kind of aural dialog, with questions and answers, for instance, or declarations, and voiced doubts... or posits and contrary arguments... agreements and disagreements. *Words spoken in unison, and words of difference and distinction.*

All of these kinds of stances, and postures can be translated as musical notes, played on an instrument. Or, expressed in text, on your page. There are really no limits, or boundaries... *just let your feelings be your guide.* Adolescents are like no other

creatures on Earth. It might be a case of,
*(question) 'Why did you steal the vanilla
extract?' (answer) 'Because I'm under age,
and I wanted alcohol.'* You just can't ever
tell, with kids. Not only are youth trying to
make sense of physical and emotional
changes, they're also tasked with finding
balance between two opposite yet
complementary beings, (their parents,) and
may indeed be learning their way around
popular music subculture, possibly
including the world of street drugs, and
inebriants, (such as alcohol.) It all just
seems to hinge on 'family history.' My
adolescence was like a thief in the night,

and it just pushed over on me under covers
of night... I'm grateful that my parents
didn't give me the hard treatment... they
could have pushed me out... *but they had
vision, and persistently saw a good future
for me.* When I needed help, they got me
help. If only other guys' parents had done
their part. At any rate, it's the journeys of
life... and of art. The good angels won the
war, and got me in a good home... life is
the habitat wherein it dwells... and what
happens therein. No one's immune from
the effects of aging and decay... *you might
as well have pleasant music playing
meanwhile.* A rain is falling, lightly, and

I'm outside writing in this small shack. There isn't really any time to waste... I'm working on my latest project. This part, will be the ending of my twenty twenty three part A. Then, around the month of July, this year, if the creek doesn't rise, I'll start part B. If a person is as eloquent as his writing suggests, then why does his behavior act up? I guess this is my question. I'm not the only one to ask this.

The writing is a form of jazz idea painting... I take my time, and do it right. *But, my speaking voice is weak.* (Reality isn't anything like the thought worlds. If you try and talk outwardly with your

thinking voice, you're in danger of falling flat... this is true.) The outwardly personality is guided by instincts... and has to trust the sensory information. (One has to learn, how, in what ways his or her senses behave at any given time is useful information, also. **'If you feel good, then, you can do good.'** This is the first principle to remember... always make a note of 'good feelings.' They're Spirit's main way of showing agreement.) With me, my third eye is getting cloudy quickly... this then means I'm being red more. Then I'll remember, how a diesel locomotive pushes right up the rails...

despite the snow piled up. When we learn to select and activate motor neurons along our vertebrae, this can banish shadows, which otherwise cause pain and soul blindness. This is like the thought, which dismantles mixed feelings, and smooths out difficulties. *See, a migraine is a chaotic enveloping force, like getting hit by a train, practically.* But if you're the engineer, you'll push through migraine chaos easily. Well, just some thoughts. The area around the center of ones breathing control... just below the lungs, at the diaphragm... this neural center, at this vertebrae, gets distorted easily, and affects the third eye as

a blindness... soul blindness. The muscles below the diaphragm pull it downward, and air is drawn into the lungs. When the muscles above the diaphragm pull up, air is expelled from the lungs through mouth and nose. This cycling is happening continuously, *and I think is where Angel and mortal hold hands, and is our window, and interface into the rhythms and patterns of the universe.* Just some thoughts. The morning is partly sunny, and warm, and we should have some blustery weather today, with a forty percent chance of storms. I'm just glad to be done with the chilly, wet weather for a while. My writing is coming

slowly... even a little progress seems difficult. The secret to understanding the breathing rhythms, how they appear to come from a higher plane, *is in seeing how, Angels, it is thought, breathe Aether, which is the Heavenly equivalent to the air, here on Earth.* Aether is all around us, as the air is present throughout Earth's biosphere. The higher lands are all around us. We don't usually see much of it, because the guardian Angel filters most of it out, so as not to confuse our limited minds. *At least, this is how things appear to be, to me. And, I'm not a licensed councilor or therapist.* Well these have

been a few ideas, this partly sunny morning in May, this year. I believe that, we tend to become more competent, (*or, we believe that we are,*) when we are given positive encouragement, and reinforced by someone who we respect. *You can, through nurturance, build unto greatness. But, at the same time, it helps me to know how, I can't do it on my own.* So, rather than thinking that I can brave the ice fields all by myself, *I'll definitely remain in the 'home office,' with the others. We've seen it through good times and bad, and now is no different.* The golden orb of the sun is rising in the hazy middle May sky, and I sit

inside, on this bed, inputting these thoughts, now. My Dad made sure that I earned my spending money, from a young age, so my first real job was trimming trees, at a Christmas tree farm, south of town. We had to learn the knack, of how to carefully shape each tree's profile with our machetes. These blades were kept sharp enough to shave hair. We wore plastic shin protectors, but I remember the owner of the farm taking me to the local clinic for some quick stitches, when I accidentally grazed the back of my calf. She was so concerned, about me, she drove me personally to the clinic. Well, my first grocery store job,

was later that same year, in one of the neighborhoods of the big city to the north.

This was a fifteen mile drive every other day after school, and some weekends, if I wasn't hiking and camping with the scouts. At this grocery job, I quickly fell into vish hush puppy love with one of the cashiers.

This dear girl saw me in my tribulation, and one afternoon asked me to go to a movie with her... so we did, and thus started our relationship. We only really lasted five years, or so, at the time, but, we both had enough good experiences, for a lifetime. Boy did we ever live... like it was going out of style. So, this girl single

handed lee answered every fantasy, I had.
We were taken care of as well, as the good
Angels saw us through every journey. I
still thank my lucky stars... but the
interesting thing, was somewhat being
introduced un to those of my very stars in
Heaven. *So came to a conclusion my years
of running around, and began a life built
around a life's work, of music, and
literature, and graphic design, and
photography... and I had to get in a special
home, where others who had been so called
dwell... so this is the life I know... it's still
a time worn relationship, which is so
cherished.* This writing here is the latest

installment, and I'm keeping the goal of finishing this eight part audio book for the first half of twenty twenty three... only a little further, and I'll call it complete. Then

I'll start twenty twenty three PART B.

Between itchy, sweaty, and smelly, it's fairly hard work, trying to write like this, in times like these... most evenings I fall right asleep... but the down time, is pretty good, the one or two days a week, when I just get to read, and really listen, and hear. Well, at any rate, just some thoughts. I feel as if I've recorded so much strong piano and keyboard... At any rate, I've been given so much... even last week, a new smart

phone... new out of the box. So here you'll see words, thoughts, of gratitude... I guess that this is what I've got, today. Anyway, it's Sunday afternoon, and my chores are done for the day... washing and dishes all done. My thoughts are around the minni ature me in the middle of me... and of how I know how to stay on the path. Now, to finish this article. The 'minni ature self' is a thinking aid, like your emoji, on the computer screen... only, when in need of an centering or anchor point for your meditation, I can find this inner person at different places along my vertebral column... and imagine, then, this 'avatar,' or

child within, doing the right aerobics for the particular migraine... *letting intuition and common sense guide the way.* This is

just a visualization method to use in dealing with bad migraine type headaches. *The thing to understand, is how inner focus and concentration grows, and gets easier, the more you practice it.* Say, your age is middle thirties... imagine by your mid forties, or fifties, or sixties... and so forth. *(Say, you're a media developer... every project that you externalize, puts you that much 'closer to ideal,' so to speak.)*

Especially, at a time, you'll find motor neurons along the vertebral column, to be

your solid footing... in the inner world,
emotions tend to shift and drastically alter
your course, so you'll really appreciate any
kind of footing, or grounding, which is
replicable... *or appears to be a lasting, or
repeatable landmark.* Well, just some
thoughts, and ideas *which I wish someone
would have shown me, thirty years ago... I
would have found such rest in them.* At
any rate, the brassy sun is setting in the
north west, and one weekend and beginning
again. I'm going to try and finish this
writing up, now, and add it with the others.
All for now, Greg.

~

I'm definitely glad to have written this audio book... it meets my criteria for entertaining media... *it's contemporary, and relevant, inspired for the most part, and gives me something to show for the time.* A writer is always walking the line, between usefulness and 'thoughts not worth thinking.' I think of my written projects as *'idea books,'* which are useful in the unspoken sense. Anyway, sitting out here under this canopy of blue skies, with hazy

clouds to the south and west, we're expecting some rain today, with increasing chances for storms tonight. When some times my enthusiasm appears to lag behind, yes it might would be easier to fall back asleep, but this kind of 'ditching,' would only bring regret. I've for years striven to add incrementally on to that which I already have... my book shelf, of completed works, is by now, pretty big. Only, it's like it was last week... I don't want just any ideas, *but useful observations on our planet, and of our lives upon it.* This has really always been the ruler I have measured my work with. Honestly, if I

have to use a sacrament, or something to open my eyes before writing, then that's alright. I've always used them... only now, a sugar cola, or cup of coffee is entirely enough. *Nothing like the teenager, who so often feels he has to revolutionize his or her consciousness... this way is like using a jack hammer to dissect a butterfly, comparably speaking.* At any rate, life for myself is like a minimal eyes ing, or refining of the crude ore, down to the pure or rare earth element. ***All life is sacred... especially the human qualities in that life.***

We need, I think, to remember human nature is a spirit found in most all life, only

an animal may not exhibit it, every time,
instead might be driven by survival
instincts, which are found in all life.

*Maybe the view that God is a Divine,
unattainable perfected spirit, of
righteousness and heavenly order, has for
ever been the plan, for Man to strive
toward... consider your smart device, or
personal computer, for instance. Only
now, it is starting to appear, that Human
nature, is in a way, at the heart of it all...
this is what is so difficult to replicate
artificially. At any rate, just some
thoughts. As I sit mulling over human
nature, an angry bird starts screeching*

nearby, and I'm given to think about our good account... what might she think of us?

This idea is central to our environmental protection concerns. Do these proud nature

Spirit's know us, past our nicotine addictions, and our refuse? What else do we do outside? So, you're writing... does

this in any way help the reader to understand natural values? Maybe that's

my best hope... *but don't we show our human spirit, and our appreciation, any*

time we spend sitting or walking, or

working or playing, or just talking

outdoors? Keeping this relationship is one of the three or four most important things

in my life... something like that isn't disposable, at all... and really needs daily attention. Herding and ranching practices are as old as the planet is, and farming is too. I guess that as our information society has expanded, our concern for saving and preserving wild habitats has grown, as well. *But most ranches and ranch land have been used that way for generations...* but of course we've all heard about how the Amazon forests are being repurposed as ranch and farm lands, largely to meet the demands of food needs in North America. I've for a while thought how, in addition to the microcomputer revolutions, and private

space travel industries, a third revolution is the food... *laboratory grown meat, I think, will become widely available for consumption... I think this will be a fundamental change in our nature relationship.* If you could have lab grown meat, and if it tasted good, wouldn't you? Well just some thoughts. So, in conclusion to this part eight, and this audio book as well, you might should know, this writing, music, and art is like therapy... or I won't do it. Twenty years ago, in two thousand and three, I listened to my own audio work, and was somewhat bewildered... I heard it as if for the first time, in light of traumatic

events... *and thought I could not deal with it.* I quickly realized I should focus more on my writing, because that early music was wrong, by default, as then we had so much to get through. If I had stayed at that, that strange style, it would have been one thing, *but I grew up, in that world music culture, and developed a jazzier, freer, more melodic style...* so seen in today's light, the early music of me is dated... a period piece... and collectively symbolizes the '*turning the corner,*' and as such works on that level. So, it's good or bad, based, I think, on the listener's or reader's individual experience of that time.

In no sense is it 'all bad,' or 'all good.'

Any more than any music is 'all good,' or 'all bad.'. What do you think? Well, just some thoughts, this sunny day in May. I hope this writing suffices to finish out this audio book, and somewhat gets ourselves along into the second half of this year.

Well, that's about all that I have on this right now. I'll wrap this writing up and add it with the others. All for now, Greg.

